# THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,

*A TALE,*

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

*Sperate miseri, cavete felices.*

VOL. I.

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# MEMOIRS
## OF THE
# LIFE AND WRITINGS
## OF
# OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

"THE life of a Scholar," Dr. Goldſmith has remarked, "ſeldom abounds with adventure; "his fame is acquired in ſolitude, and the hiſtorian "who only views him at a diſtance, muſt be content "with a dry detail of actions by which he is ſcarce "diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of mankind: but we are "fond of talking of thoſe who have given us pleaſure, "not that we have any thing important to ſay, but "becauſe the ſubject is pleaſing."

Oliver Goldſmith, ſon of the Reverend Charles Goldſmith, was born at Elphin, in the county of Roſcommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father had four ſons, of whom Oliver was the third. After being well inſtructed in the claſſics, at the ſchool of Mr. Hughes, he was admitted a ſizer in Trinity-college, Dublin, on the 11th of June, 1744. While he reſided there, he exhibited no ſpecimens of that genius, which in maturer years raiſed his character ſo high. On the 20th of February, 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time) he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after he turned his thoughts to the profeſſion of phyſic; and, having attended ſome courſes of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he ſtudied the ſeveral branches of medicine under the different profeſſors in that univerſity. His beneficent diſpoſition ſoon involved him in unexpected difficulties; and he was obliged precipitately to leave Scotland, in conſequence of having en-

gaged himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow student.

A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcastle, where he was arrested at the suit of one Barclay, a taylor in Edinburgh, to whom he had given security for his friend. By the good offices of Laughlin Maclane, Esq. and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college, he was soon delivered out of the hands of the bailiff, and took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, where, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited great part of Flanders; and, after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that this ingenious unfortunate man made most part of his tour on foot.* He had left England with very little money; and being of a philosophic turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified by danger, he became an enthusiast to the design he had formed of seeing the manners of different countries. He had some knowledge of the French language, and of music; he played tolerably well on the German flute; which from an amusement, became, at some times, the means of subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses he visited; and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. 'Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards 'night-fall,' he used to say, 'I played one of my most 'merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only

* 'Countries wear different appearances to travellers 'of different circumstances. A man who is whirled 'through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who 'walks the grand tour on foot, will form very diffe'rent conclusions. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*' Goldsmith's *Present State of Learning in Europe*, 1758.

a lodging

'a lodging, but ſubſiſtence for the next day: but IN 'TRUTH' (his conſtant expreſſion) 'I muſt own, whenever I attempted to entertain perſons of a higher rank, 'they always thought my performance odious, and 'never made me any return for my endeavours to pleaſe 'them.'

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper perſon for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a conſiderable ſum of money by his uncle Mr. S******. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune, determined to ſee the world; and, on his engaging with his preceptor, made a proviſo, that he ſhould be permitted to govern himſelf; and our traveller ſoon found his pupil underſtood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing paſſion.

During Goldſmith's continuance in Switzerland, he aſſiduouſly cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given ſome ſtriking proofs at the college of Edinburgh. It was from hence he ſent the firſt ſketch of his delightful epiſtle, called the TRAVELLER, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who giving up fame and fortune, had retired with an amiable wife to happineſs and obſcurity, on an income of only forty pounds a year. The great affection Goldſmith bore for this brother, is expreſſed in the poem before mentioned, which gives a ſtriking picture of his ſituaation.

From Geneva Mr. Goldſmith and his pupil proceeded to the ſouth of France, where the young man, upon ſome diſagreement with his preceptor, paid him the ſmall part of his ſalary which was due, and embarked at Marſeilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and paſſed through a number of difficulties in traverſing the greateſt part of France. At length his curioſity being gratified, he bent his courſe towards England, and arrived

at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were ſo low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to the metropolis, his whole ſtock of caſh amounting to no more than a few halfpence. An entire ſtranger in London, his mind was filled with the moſt gloomy reflections in conſequence of his embarraſſed ſituation. He applied to ſeveral apothecaries, in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman; but his broad Iriſh accent, and the uncouthneſs of his appearance, occaſioned him to meet with inſult from moſt of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymiſt near Fiſh-ſtreet, ſtruck with his forlorn condition, and the ſimplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he diſcovered that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in London. That gentleman received him with the warmeſt affection, and liberally invited him to ſhare his purſe till ſome eſtabliſhment could be procured for him. Goldſmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a ſhort time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to aſſiſt the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in inſtructing the young gentlemen at the academy at Peckham; and acquitted himſelf greatly to the Doctor's ſatisfaction for a ſhort time; but, having obtained ſome reputation by the criticiſms he had written in the Monthly Review, Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and reſolving to purſue the profeſſion of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were ſure of meeting diſtinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the ſtricteſt oeconomy, and, at the cloſe of the year 1759, took lodgings in Green-Arbour-court, in the Old Bailey, where he wrote ſeveral ingenious pieces. The late Mr. Newbery, who, at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young author, and introduced him as one of the writers

writers in the Public Ledger*, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under the title of 'Chi-'nese Letters.'

Fortune now ſeemed to take ſome notice of a man ſhe had long neglected. The ſimplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of reſpectable perſons; and, about the middle of the year 1762, he emerged from his mean apartments near the Old Bailey to the politer region of the Temple, where he took handſome chambers, and lived in a genteel ſtyle.

Among many other perſons of diſtinction who were deſirous to know him, was the Duke of Northumberland; and the circumſtance that attended his introduction to that nobleman is worthy of being related, in order to ſhew a ſtriking trait of his character. 'I was 'invited,' ſaid the Doctor, 'by my friend Percy, to 'wait upon the Duke, in conſequence of the ſatisfac-'tion he had received from the peruſal of one of my 'productions. I dreſſed myſelf in the beſt manner I 'could, and after ſtudying ſome compliments I thought 'neceſſary on ſuch an occaſion, proceeded to Northum-'berland houſe, and acquainted the ſervants that I 'had particular buſineſs with his Grace. They ſhewed 'me into an anti-chamber, where after waiting ſome 'time, a gentleman very elegantly dreſſed made his

* During this time, (according to another account) he wrote for the Britiſh Magazine, of which Dr. Smollet was then editor, moſt of thoſe *Eſſays* and *Tales* which he afterwards collected and publiſhed in a ſeparate volume. He alſo wrote occaſionally for the Critical Review; and it was the merit which he diſcovered in criticiſing a deſpicable tranſlation of Ovid's *Faſti*, by a pedantic ſchool-maſter, and his *Enquiry into the Preſent State of Learning in Europe*, which firſt introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollet, who recommended him to ſeveral literati, and to moſt of the bookſellers by whom he was afterwards patronized.

'appearance;

'appearance: taking him for the Duke, I delivered 'all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when, 'to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the 'apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion, 'that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the 'sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and 'went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had 'committed.'

The Doctor at the time of this visit, was much embarrassed in his circumstances, but vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One of those ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage; he wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his Lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait; he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room the bailiff paid his respects to the Doctor, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had scarce entered Pall-mall, in their way *to his Lordship*, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed the Doctor from captivity.

The publications of his *Traveller*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *History of England*, were followed by his comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, at Covent Garden theatre, which placed him in the first rank of modern writers.

With respect to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it is certainly a com-

a compoſition which has juſtly merited the applauſe of all diſcerning readers, as one of the beſt Novels in the Engliſh language. The diction is chaſte, correct, and elegant. The characters are drawn to the life, and the ſcenes it exhibits are ingeniouſly variegated with humour and ſentiment. The hero of the piece diſplays the moſt ſhining virtues that can adorn relative and ſocial life; ſincere in his profeſſion, humane and generous in his diſpoſition, he is himſelf a pattern of the character he repreſents, enforcing that excellent maxim, that example is more powerful than precept. His wife is drawn as poſſeſſing many laudable qualifications, and her prevailing paſſion for external parade is an inoffenſive foible, calculated rather to excite our mirth than incur our cenſure. The character of Olivia, the Vicar's eldeſt daughter, is contraſted with that of Sophia the younger; the one being repreſented as of a diſpoſition gay and volatile, the other as rather grave and ſteady; though neither of them ſeems to have indulged their peculiar propenſity beyond the bounds of moderation.

Upon a review of this excellent production, it may be truly ſaid, that it inculcates the pureſt leſſons of morality and virtue, free from the rigid laws of ſtoiciſm, and adapted to attract the eſteem and obſervation of every ingenuous mind. It excites not a thought that can be injurious in its tendency, nor breathes an idea that can offend the chaſteſt ear.

Our Doctor, as he was now univerſally called, had a conſtant levee of his diſtreſt countrymen, whoſe wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he has often been known to leave himſelf even without a guinea, in order to ſupply the neceſſities of others.

Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his *Deſerted Village*, the bookſeller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who obſerved it was a very great ſum for ſo

ſhort

ſhort a performance. 'In truth,' replied Goldſmith, 'I think ſo too; it is much more than the honeſt man 'can afford, or the piece is worth; I have not been 'eaſy ſince I received it; I will therefore go back and 'return him his note:' which he actually did, and left it entirely to the bookſeller to pay him according to the profits produced by the ſale of the poem, which turned out very conſiderable.

The author addreſſes this poem to his friend Sir Joſhua Reynolds. He writes in the character of a native of a country village, to which he gives the name of Auburn, and which he pathetically addreſſes. He then proceeds to contraſt the innocence and happineſs of a ſimple and a natural ſtate with the miſeries and vices that have been introduced by poliſhed life, and gives the following beautiful apoſtrophe to retirement:

'O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine;
How bleſt is he who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And all his proſpects brightening to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!'

The deſcription of the pariſh prieſt (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet of any age. In this deſcription, the ſimile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that riſes above the ſtorm, are not eaſily to be paralleled. The reſt of the poem conſiſts of the character of the village ſchool-maſter, and a deſcription of the village ale-houſe, both drawn with

with admirable propriety and force; a descant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the variety of artificial pleasures; the miseries of those who for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad, and concludes with the following beautiful apostrophe to poetry:

'And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.'

The Doctor did not reap a profit from his poetical labours equal to those of his prose. The earl of Lisburne, whose classical taste is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the Doctor his neglecting the muses, and enquired of him why he forsook poetry, in which he was sure of charming his readers, to compile histories and write novels? The Doctor replied, 'My Lord, by courting the muses I shall starve, but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life.'

During the last rehearsal of his comedy, intitled, *She Stoops to Conquer* which Mr. Coleman thought would not succeed, on the Doctor's objecting to the repetition of one of Tony Lumpkin's speeches, being apprehensive it might injure the play, the manager, with great keenness replied, 'Psha, my dear Doctor, 'do not be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting 'almost these two hours upon *a barrel of gunpow-*'*der*.' The piece, however, contrary to Mr. Colman's expectation, was received with uncommon applause by the audience; and Goldsmith's pride was so hurt by the severity of the above observation, that it entirely

tirely put an end to his friendſhip for the gentleman who made it.

The ſucceſs of the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, produced a moſt illiberal perſonal attack on the author in one of the public prints. Enraged at this abuſive publication, Dr. Goldſmith repaired to the houſe of the publiſher, and after remonſtrating on the *malignity* of this attack on his character, began to apply his cane to the ſhoulders of the *publiſher*, who making a powerful reſiſtance, from being the *defenſive* ſoon became the *offenſive* combatant. Dr. Kenrick, who was ſitting in a private room of the publiſher's, hearing a noiſe in the ſhop, came in, put an end to the fight, and conveyed the Doctor to a coach. The papers inſtantly teemed with freſh abuſe on the impropriety of the Doctor's attempting to beat a perſon in his own houſe, on which, in the Daily Advertiſer of Wedneſday, March 31, 1773, he inſerted the following addreſs:

'To the PUBLIC.

'LEST it ſhould be ſuppoſed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuſe of which I have been guilty myſelf, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life I never wrote, or dictated a ſingle paragraph, letter, or eſſay, in a newſpaper, except a few moral eſſays, under the character of a Chineſe, about ten years ago, in the Ledger; and a letter, to which I ſigned my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the preſs therefore has been abuſed, I have had no hand in it.

'I have always conſidered the preſs as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak againſt the encroachments of power. What concerns the public moſt properly admits of a public diſcuſſion. But of late, the preſs has turned from defending public intereſt, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the ſtrong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too

'obſcure for its abuſe, and the protector is become 'the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom 'of the preſs is beginning to ſow the ſeeds of its own 'diſſolution; the great muſt oppoſe it from principle, 'and the weak from fear; till at laſt every rank of 'mankind ſhall be found to give up its benefits, con-'tent with ſecurity from its inſults.

'How to put a ſtop to this licentiouſneſs, by which 'all are indiſcriminately abuſed, and by which vice 'conſequently eſcapes in the general cenſure, I am un-'able to tell; all I could wiſh is, that, as the law 'gives us no protection againſt the injury, ſo it ſhould 'give calumniators no ſhelter after having provoked 'correction. The inſults which we receive before 'the public, by being more open are the more diſ-'treſſing; by treating them with ſilent contempt, we 'do not pay a ſufficient deference to the opinion of 'the world. By recurring to legal redreſs, we too 'often expoſe the weakneſs of the law, which only 'ſerves to increaſe our mortification by failing to re-'lieve us. In ſhort, every man ſhould ſingly conſider 'himſelf as a guardian of the liberty of the preſs, and 'as far as his influence can extend, ſhould endeavour 'to prevent its licentiouſneſs becoming at laſt the 'grave of its freedom.

'OLIVER GOLDSMITH.'

Notwithſtanding the great ſucceſs of his pieces, by ſome of which, it is aſſerted, upon good authority, that he cleared 1800l. in one year, his circumſtances were by no means in a proſperous ſituation: partly owing to the liberality of his diſpoſition, and partly to an unfortunate habit he had contracted of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted, and conſequently became the prey of thoſe who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance.

Juſt before his death he had formed a deſign for executing an univerſal dictionary of arts and ſciences, the

the *prospectus* of which he actually printed and distributed among his acquaintance. In this work several of his literary friends (particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Garrick) had promised to assist, and to furnish him with articles upon different subjects. He had entertained the most sanguine expectations from the success of it. The undertaking, however did not meet with that encouragement from the booksellers which he had imagined it would receive; and he used to lament this circumstance almost to the last hour of his existence.

He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent strangury, which contributed not a little to embitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever.

On Friday the twenty-fifth of March, 1774, finding himself extremely ill, he sent at eleven o'clock at night for Mr. Hawes, an apothecary, to whom he complained of a violent pain extending all over the fore part of his head, his tongue was moist, he had a cold shivering, and his pulse beat about ninety strokes in a minute. He acquainted him he had taken two ounces of Ipecacuanha wine as a vomit, and that it was his intention to take Dr. James's fever powders, which he desired him to send him. Mr. Hawes replied, that in his opinion this medicine was very improper at *that* time, and begged he would not think of it; but every argument used seemed only to render him more determined in his own opinion.

Mr. Hawes, knowing that in preceding illnesses Dr. Goldsmith always consulted Dr. Fordyce, and that he had expressed the greatest opinion of his abilities as a physician, requested that he might be permitted to send for him. It was a full quarter of an hour before Mr. Hawes could obtain his consent, as the taking Dr. James's powders appeared to be the only

object

object which employed his attention; and even then he endeavoured to throw an obstacle in his way, by saying, that Dr. Fordyce was gone to spend the evening in Gerrard-street, 'where,' added he, 'I should also 'have been, if I had not been indisposed.' Mr. Hawes immediately dispatched a messenger, who found Dr. Fordyce at home, and who waited on Dr. Goldsmith directly.

Dr. Fordyce represented to him the impropriety of taking the powders in his *then* situation; but he was deaf to all remonstrances, and persisted in his own resolution.

On Saturday morning, March 26, Mr. Hawes visited his patient, whom he found extremely reduced, and his pulse was now become very quick and small. When he enquired of him how he did, Dr. Goldsmith sighed deeply, and in a very low voice said, 'He 'wished he had taken his friendly advice last night.'

Dr. Fordyce perceiving the danger of Dr. Goldsmith's situation, desired Mr. Hawes to propose sending for Dr. Turton, of whom he knew Dr. Goldsmith had a great opinion: the proposal being mentioned to Dr. Goldsmith, he very readily consented, and ordered his servant to go directly. The Doctors Fordyce and Turton met at the time appointed to assist at a consultation, which was continued twice a day, till the disorder terminated in his dissolution, on the fourth day of April 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

This event was at the time invidiously attributed to the use of James's powders. The truth is, that on the attack of his disorder he took two ounces of Ipecacuanha wine as an emetic; and before the operation of it was over, he sent to his apothecary for a dose of James's powder. However improper such a proceeding, and however reduced in consequence of the evacuations occasioned by the two medicines united, yet when his physicians were called in, two days afterwards, he had a remission of his fever, and they were not without hopes of restoring him, if he would have fol-

lowed their advice; but he omitted taking the bark as directed, and then, from an idea that his apothecary had given him James's powder that was not genuine, he ſent for another apothecary, from whom he ordered other medicines. In ſhort, he appears to have fallen a victim to his own imprudence.

His friends, who were very numerous aud reſpectable, had determined to bury him in Weſtminſter-abbey; his pall was to have been ſupported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but from ſome unaccountable circumſtances this deſign was dropped, and his remains were privately depoſited in the Temple burial-ground, on Saturday the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelly, Meſſrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen, who had been his friends in life, attended his corpſe as mourners, and paid the laſt tribute to his memory.

A ſubſcription, however, was afterwards raiſed by his friends, to defray the expence of a marble monument, which was executed by Mr. Nollikens, an eminent ſtatuary in London, and placed in Weſtminſter-abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyle's, in the Poets corner. It conſiſts of a large medallion, exhibiting a very good likeneſs of the Doctor, embelliſhed with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inſcription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnſon:

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH
Poetæ, Phyſici, Hiſtorici.
Qui nullum ferè ſcribendi genus
Non tetigit.
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive Riſus eſſent movendi
Sive Lacrymæ.
Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator
Ingenio ſublimis---Vividus Verſatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus Venuſtus
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit

Sodalium Amor
Amicorum Fides
Lectorum Veneratio
Natus Hibernia Forniæ Lonfordienfis
In loco cui Nomen Pallas
Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ Literis inftitutus
Obiit Londini
April iv. MDCCLXXIV.

*Tranflation.*

This monument is raifed
To the Memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philofopher, and
Hiftorian,
Who left no fpecies of writing untouch'd,
or,
Unadorn'd by his pen,
Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears:
He was a powerful mafter
Over the affections,
Though at the fame time a gentle tyrant,
Of a genius at once fublime, lively, and
Equal to every fubject:
In expreffion at once noble,
Pure and delicate.
His Memory will laft
As long as fociety retains affection,
Friendfhip is not void of Honour,
And reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes, in the province
Of Leinfter,
Where Pallas had fet her name
29th Nov. 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

As to his character, it is ftrongly illuftrated by Mr. Pope's line,

'In wit a man, fimplicity a child.'

The learned leifure he loved to enjoy was too often interrupted

interrupted by diſtreſſes which aroſe from the openneſs of his temper, and which ſometimes threw him into loud fits of paſſion; but this impetuoſity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and his ſervants have been known upon theſe occaſions purpoſely to throw themſelves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after, for he who had the good fortune to be reproved was certain of being rewarded for it. His diſappointments at other times made him peeviſh and ſullen, and he has often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes.

The univerſal eſteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleaſure they give in the peruſal, are ſtriking proofs of their merit. He was a ſtudious and correct obſerver of nature, happy in the ſelection of his images, in the choice of ſubjects, and in the harmony of his verſification; and, though his embarraſſed ſituation prevented him from putting the laſt hand to many of his productions, his *Hermit*, his *Traveller*, and his *Deſerted Village*, bid fair to claim a place among the moſt finiſhed pieces in the Engliſh language.

The excellent poem of *Retaliation* was only intended for the Doctor's private amuſement, and that of the particular friends who were its ſubject, and he unfortunately did not live to reviſe, or even finiſh it in the manner which he intended. The poem owed its birth to ſome preceding circumſtances of feſtive merriment at a literary club, to which the Doctor belonged, and who propoſed to write epitaphs on him. He was called on for retaliation, and at the next meeting produced the poem.

The laſt work of this ingenious author, was 'An hiſtory of the Earth and Animated Nature,' in 8 vols. 8vo. for which production his bookſeller gave him 850l. The Doctor ſeems to have conſidered attentively the works of the ſeveral authors who have wrote on this ſubject. If there ſhould not be a great deal of diſcovery

very, or new matter, yet a judicious ſelection from abundant materials is no ſmall praiſe; and if the experiments and diſcoveries of other writers are laid open in an agreeable dreſs, ſo pleaſing as to allure the young reader into a purſuit of this ſort of knowledge, we have no ſmall obligations to this very engaging writer.

Our author profeſſes to have had a taſte rather claſſical than ſcientific, and it was in the ſtudy of the claſſics, that he firſt caught the deſire of attaining a knowledge of nature. Pliny firſt inſpired him, and he reſolved to tranſlate that agreeable writer, and by the help of a commentary to make his tranſlation acceptable to the public.

It is not to be queſtioned that Dr. Goldſmith, had he followed that plan, would have marked out thoſe inaccuracies and extravagancies, into which an eaſy credulity, or a want of attention, or the little progreſs of ſcience in the world, in his age, had ſeduced his original author, and are the blemiſhes of that ingenious, inquiſitive, and laborious writer. Nor are his abilities leſs conſpicuous, in his poetic than his proſaic productions.

To attempt to convey a proper idea of his great genius in the former, would be a taſk to which we muſt acknowledge ourſelves totally incompetent: their beauties cannot be pictured by relation; they can only be known by his writings, of which, as ſpecimens, we ſhall inſert the following extracts:

## THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

From the *Deſerted Village.*

NEAR yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The Village-Preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More ſkill'd to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending, ſwept his aged breaſt:
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt, at every call
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the ſkies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The rev'rend champion ſtood. At his control,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt falt'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ſteady zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to ſhare the good man's ſmile:
His ready ſmile a Parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven.
As ſome tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

## THE COUNTRY ALEHOUSE.

From the *Deserted Village.*

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard Mirth and smiling Toil retir'd;
Where Village-Statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The picture plac'd for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose;
The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither, no more, the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pondrous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup, to pass it to the rest.

## EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee:

Still to my brother turns with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
  Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot where cheerful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair:
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale;
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
  But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wandering ſpent and care;
Impell'd with ſteps unceaſing to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.
  E'en now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high, above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward, where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.
  When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
That good which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flowery vale;
For me your tributary ſtores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
  As ſome lone miſer, viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:

Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the hoard of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wandering hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.
  But where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own;
Extols his treaſures of the ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of revelry and eaſe;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country, ever is at home.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be ſaid to prove them beauties. But it is needleſs. A book may be amuſing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a ſingle abſurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himſelf the three greateſt characters upon earth ; he is a prieſt, a huſbandman, and a father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey, as ſimple in affluence, and majeſtic in adverſity. In this age of opulence and refinement, who can ſuch a character pleaſe? Such as are fond of high life will turn with diſdain from the ſimplicity of his country fire-ſide; ſuch as miſtake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmleſs converſation; and ſuch as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whoſe chief ſtores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

*OLIVER GOLDSMITH*

# THE

# VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

## CHAP. I.

*The Description of the family of Wakefield, in which a kindred likeneſs prevails as well of minds as of perſons.*

I WAS ever of opinion that the honeſt man, who married and brought up a large family, did more ſervice than he who continued ſingle, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had ſcarce taken orders a year, before I began to think ſeriouſly of matrimony, and choſe my wife as ſhe did her wedding gown, not for a fine gloſſy ſurface, but ſuch qualities as would wear well. To do her juſtice, ſhe was a good natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could ſhew more. She could read any Engliſh book without much ſpelling; but for pickling, preſerving and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herſelf alſo upon being an excellent contriver in houſe-keeping; though I could never find we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondneſs encreaſed as we grew old. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant houſe, ſituated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was ſpent in a moral or rural amuſement; in viſiting our rich neighbours, and relieving ſuch as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-ſide, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or ſtranger viſit us to taſte our gooſeberry wine, for

which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted, that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us: for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that sometimes we had those little rubs which Providence sends to enchance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtsey. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vext us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were

were educated without ſoftneſs, ſo they were at once well formed and healthy; my ſons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I ſtood in the midſt of the little circle, which promiſed to be the ſupport of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous ſtory of Count Abenſberg, who, in Henry II's progreſs through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treaſures, brought his thirty-two children, and preſented them to his ſovereign as the moſt valuable offering he had to beſtow. In this manner, though I had but ſix, I conſidered them as a very valuable preſent made to my country, and conſequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldeſt ſon was named George after his uncle, who left us ten thouſand pounds. Our ſecond child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Griſſel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, inſiſted upon her being called Olivia. In leſs than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Griſſel ſhould be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to ſtand grandmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; ſo that we had two romantic names in the family; but I ſolemnly proteſt I had no hand in it. Moſes was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two ſons more.

It would be fruitleſs to deny my exultation when I ſaw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the ſatisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our viſitors would ſay, 'Well, upon my word, 'Mrs. Primroſe, you have the fineſt children in the 'whole country.' 'Ay, neighbour,' ſhe would anſwer, 'they are as Heaven made them, handſome enough, 'if they be good enough; for handſome is, that hand'ſome does.' And then ſhe would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handſome. Mere outſide is ſo very trifling a circumſtance with me, that I ſhould ſcarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of converſation in the country. Olivia, now

about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, ſprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not ſo ſtriking at firſt; but often did more certain execution; for they were ſoft, modeſt, and alluring. The one vanquiſhed by a ſingle blow, the other by efforts ſucceſsfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at leaſt it was ſo with my daughters. Olivia wiſhed for many lovers, Sophia to ſecure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a deſire to pleaſe. Sophia even repreſt excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her ſenſe when I was ſerious. But theſe qualities were never carried to exceſs in either, and I have often ſeen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A ſuit of mourning has transformed my coquet into a prude, and a new ſet of ribbands has given her youngeſt ſiſter more than natural vivacity. My eldeſt ſon George was bred at Oxford; as I intended him for one of the learned profeſſions. My ſecond boy, Moſes, whom I deſigned for buſineſs, received a ſort of miſcellaneous education at home. But it is needleſs to attempt deſcribing the particular characters of young people that had ſeen but very little of the world. In ſhort, a family likeneſs prevailed through all; and properly ſpeaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, ſimple, and inoffenſive.

## CHAP. II.

*Family Misfortunes. The loſs of Fortune only ſerves to increaſe the pride of the worthy.*

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the ſpiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our dioceſe; for having a ſufficient fortune of my own, I was careleſs of temporalities, and felt a ſecret pleaſure in doing my duty without a reward. I alſo ſet a reſolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the pariſh, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; ſo that in a few years it was a common ſaying, that there were three ſtrange wants at Wakefield, a parſon wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouſes wanting cuſtomers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote ſeveral ſermons to prove its happineſs: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of ſupporting; for I maintained with Whiſton, that it was unlawful for a prieſt of the church of England, after the death of his firſt wife, to take a ſecond; or to expreſs it in one word, I valued myſelf upon being a ſtrict monogamiſt.

I was early initiated into this important diſpute, on which ſo many laborious volumes have been written. I publiſhed ſome tracts upon this ſubject myſelf, which, as they never ſold, I have the conſolation of thinking are read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak ſide; but alas! they had not like me made it the ſubject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a ſtep beyond Whiſton in diſplaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that ſhe was the *only* wife of William

liam Whiſton; ſo I wrote a ſimilar epitaph for my wife, though ſtill living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy, and obedience, till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it anſwered ſeveral very uſeful purpoſes. It admoniſhed my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inſpired her with a paſſion for fame, and conſtantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage ſo often recommended, that my eldeſt ſon, juſt upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumſtances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her ſmalleſt accompliſhment. Miſs Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be compleatly pretty. Her youth, health and innocence, were ſtill heightened by a complexion ſo tranſparent, and ſuch an happy ſenſibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handſome ſettlement on my ſon, he was not averſe to the match; ſo both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtſhip are the moſt happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amuſements which the young couple every day ſhared in each other's company, ſeemed to increaſe their paſſion. We were generally awaked in the morning by muſic, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfaſt and dinner the ladies devoted to dreſs and ſtudy; they uſually read a page, and then gazed at themſelves in the glaſs, which even philoſophers might own often preſented the page of greateſt beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for, as ſhe always inſiſted upon carving every thing herſelf, it being her mother's way, ſhe gave us upon theſe occaſions the hiſtory of every diſh. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered

ordered the table to be removed; and ſometimes with the muſic-maſter's aſſiſtance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, ſhortened the reſt of the day, without the aſſiſtance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I ſometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here paſs over an ominous circumſtance that happened the laſt time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw duce-ace five times running.

Some months were eſcaped in this manner, till at laſt it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who ſeemed earneſtly to deſire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not deſcribe the buſy importance of my wife, nor the ſly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the compleating a tract which I intended ſhortly to publiſh in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a maſter-piece both for argument and ſtyle, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid ſhewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but not till too late, I diſcovered that he was moſt violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reaſon; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a diſpute attended with ſome acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to diſcuſs the ſubject at large.

It was managed with proper ſpirit on both ſides; he aſſerted that I was heterodox, I returned the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controverſy was hotteſt, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, adviſed me to give up the diſpute, at leaſt till my ſon's wedding was over. 'How,' cried I, 'relinquiſh the cauſe
'of

'of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven 'to the verge of absurdity. You might as well advise 'me to give up my fortune as my argument.' 'Your 'fortune,' returned my friend, 'I am now sorry to 'inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in 'town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has 'gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is 'thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I 'was unwilling to shock you or the family with the 'account, till after the wedding: but now it may serve 'to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I sup-'pose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of 'dissembling, at least till your son has the young 'lady's fortune secure.' 'Well,' returned I, 'if 'what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, 'it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to 'disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and 'inform the company of my circumstances; and as 'for the argument, I even here retract my former 'concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will 'I allow him now to be an husband, in any sense of 'the expression.

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families, when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence; too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

*A migration. The fortunate circumſtances of our lives are generally found at laſt to be of our own procuring.*

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town ſoon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loſs of fortune to myſelf alone would have been trifling: the only uneaſineſs I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had paſſed before I attempted to reſtrain their affliction; for premature conſolation is but the remembrance of ſorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on ſome future means of ſupporting them; and at laſt a ſmall cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a diſtant neighbourhood, where I could ſtill enjoy my principles without moleſtation. With this propoſal I joyfully cloſed, having determined to increaſe my ſalary, by managing a little farm.

Having taken this reſolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thouſand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumſtances, for I well knew that aſpiring beggary is wretchedneſs itſelf. ‘ You cannot ‘ be ignorant, my children,’ cried I, ‘ that no prudence ‘ of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; ‘ but prudence may do much in diſappointing it's ‘ effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wiſ- ‘ dom bids us conform to our humble ſituation. Let ‘ us then without repining, give up thoſe ſplendors ‘ with which numbers are wretched, and ſeek, in hum- ‘ bler circumſtances, that peace with which all may

be

'be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our 'help; why then should we not learn to live without 'theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment 'give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still 'enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us 'draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.'

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had to bestow. 'You are going, 'my boy,' cried I, 'to London on foot, in the man-'ner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there 'before you. Take from me the same horse that was 'given him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff: and 'take this book too, it will be your comfort on the 'way; these two lines in it are worth a million; *I 'have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I 'the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their 'bread.* Let this be your consolation as you travel 'on. Go, my boy, whatever be thy fortune, let me 'see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and 'farewell.' As he was possest of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquility, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension, and

and the cries of the poor, who followed us for ſome miles, contributed to increaſe it. The firſt day's journey brought us in ſafety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obſcure inn in a village by the way. When we were ſhewn a room, I deſired the landlord, in my uſual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increaſe the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he deſcribed as one who deſired to know little more of the world than its pleaſures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair ſex. He obſerved that no virtue was able to reſiſt his arts and aſſiduity, and that ſcarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him ſucceſsful and faithleſs. Though this account gave me ſome pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whoſe features ſeemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife leſs pleaſed and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hoſteſs entered the room to inform her huſband, that the ſtrange gentleman, who had been two days in the houſe, wanted money, and could not ſatisfy them for his reckoning. 'Want money!' replied the hoſt, 'that muſt be impoſſible; for it was no later than yeſterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to ſpare an old broken ſoldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-ſtealing.' The hoſteſs, however ſtill perſiſting in her firſt aſſertion, he was preparing to leave the room, ſwearing that he would be ſatisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a ſtranger of ſo much charity as he deſcribed. With this he complied, ſhewing in a gentleman who ſeemed to be about thirty, dreſſed in clothes that once were laced. His perſon was well formed,

and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had ſomething ſhort and dry in his addreſs, and ſeemed not to underſtand ceremony, or to deſpiſe it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expreſſing my concern for the ſtranger at ſeeing a gentleman in ſuch circumſtances, and offered him my purſe to ſatisfy the preſent demand. ' I take it with all my ' heart, Sir,' replied he, ' and am glad that a late ' overſight in giving what money I had about me, has ' ſhewn me, that there are ſtill ſome men like you. I ' muſt, however, previouſly intreat being informed of ' the name and reſidence of my benefactor, in order to ' repay him as ſoon as poſſible.' In this I ſatisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late miſfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. ' This,' cried he, ' happens ſtill more lucky than I ' hoped for, as I am going the ſame way myſelf, hav' ing been detained here two days by the floods, which, ' I hope by to-morrow, will be found paſſable.' I teſtified the pleaſure I ſhould have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in intreaty, he was prevailed upon to ſtay ſupper. The ſtranger's converſation, which was at once pleaſing and inſtructive, induced me to wiſh for a continuance of it; but it was now his time to retire, and take refreſhment againſt the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all ſet forward together: my family on horſeback, while Mr. Burchell our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road ſide, obſerving with a ſmile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet ſubſided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philoſophical diſputes, which he ſeemed to underſtand perfectly. But what ſurprized me moſt was, that though he was a money borrower, he defended his opinion with as much obſtinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then alſo informed me

me to whom the different ſeats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. 'That,' cried he, pointing to a very magnificent houſe which ſtood at ſome diſtance, 'belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young 'gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though en-'tirely dependant on the will of his uncle, Sir William 'Thornhill, a gentleman, who content with a little 'himſelf, permits his nephew to enjoy the reſt, and 'chiefly reſides in town.' 'What!' cried I, 'is my 'young landlord then the nephew of a man whoſe 'virtues, generoſity, and ſingularities are ſo univer-'ſally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill 'repreſented as one of the moſt generous, yet whim-'ſical men in the kingdom; a man of conſummate be-'nevolence.'—'Some think, perhaps, too much ſo,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'at leaſt he carried benevolence 'to an exceſs when young; for his paſſions were then 'ſtrong, and as they all were upon the ſide of virtue, 'they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early 'began to aim at the qualifications of the ſoldier and 'the ſcholar; was ſoon diſtinguiſhed in the army, 'and had ſome reputation among men of learning. 'Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for ſuch alone 'receive moſt pleaſure from flattery. He was ſur-'rounded with crowds, who ſhewed him only one ſide 'of their character; ſo that he began to loſe a regard 'for private intereſt in univerſal ſympathy. He loved 'all mankind; for fortune prevented him from know-'ing that there were raſcals. Phyſicians tell us of a 'diſorder in which the whole body is ſo exquiſitely ſen-'ſible, that the ſlighteſt touch gives pain: what ſome 'have thus ſuffered in their perſons, this gentleman 'felt in his mind. The ſlighteſt diſtreſs, whether 'real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his 'ſoul laboured under a ſickly ſenſibility of the miſeries 'of others. Thus diſpoſed to relieve, it will be eaſily 'conjectured, he found numbers diſpoſed to ſolicit: 'his profuſions began to impair his fortune, but not 'his good nature; that, indeed, ſeemed to increaſe as 'the

'the other ſeemed to decay; he grew improvident as 'he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of 'ſenſe, his actions were thoſe of a fool. Still, how- 'ever, being ſurrounded with importunity, and no 'longer able to ſatisfy every requeſt that was made 'him, inſtead of *money* he gave *promiſes*. They were 'all he had to beſtow, and he had not reſolution enough 'to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew 'round him crowds of dependants whom he was ſure 'to diſappoint; yet wiſhed to relieve. Theſe hung 'upon him for a time, and left him with merited re- 'proaches and contempt. But in proportion as he 'became contemptible to others, he became deſpicable 'to himſelf. His mind had leaned upon their adula- 'tion, and that ſupport taken away, he could find no 'pleaſure in the applauſe of his heart, which he had 'never learned to reverence. The world now began 'to wear a different aſpect; the flattery of his friends 'began to dwindle into ſimple approbation. Appro- 'bation ſoon took the more friendly form of advice; 'and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. 'He now, therefore, found that ſuch friends as bene- 'fits had gathered round him, were little eſtimable; 'he now found that a man's own heart muſt be ever 'given to gain that of another. I now found, that--- 'that----I forgot what I was going to obſerve: in 'ſhort, Sir, he reſolved to reſpect himſelf, and laid 'down a plan of reſtoring his falling fortune. For 'this purpoſe, in his own whimſical manner, he tra- 'velled through Europe on foot, and now, though he 'has ſcarce attained the age of thirty, his circum- 'ſtances are more affluent than ever. At preſent his 'bounties are more rational and moderate than before, 'but ſtill he preſerves the character of an humouriſt, 'and finds moſt pleaſure in eccentric virtues.'

My attention was ſo much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I ſcarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family: when turning, I perceived my youngeſt daughter

ter in the midſt of a rapid ſtream, thrown from her horſe, and ſtruggling with the torrent. She had ſunk twice, nor was it in my power to diſengage myſelf in time to bring her relief. My ſenſations were even too violent to permit my attempting her reſcue: ſhe muſt have certainly periſhed, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, inſtantly plunged in to her relief, and, with ſome difficulty, brought her in ſafety to the oppoſite ſhore. By taking the current a little farther up, the reſt of the family got ſafely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgements to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than deſcribed; ſhe thanked her deliver more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if ſtill willing to receive aſſiſtance. My wife alſo hoped one day to have the pleaſure of returning his kindneſs at her own houſe. Thus, after we were refreſhed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we purſued our journey, my wife obſerving, as we went, that ſhe liked him extremely, and proteſting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into ſuch a family as our's, ſhe knew no man ſhe would ſooner fix upon. I could not but ſmile to hear her talk in this lofty ſtrain: but I was never much diſpleaſed with thoſe harmleſs deluſions that tend to make us more happy.

# CHAP. IV.

*A proof that even the humbleſt fortune may grant happineſs which depends not on circumſtances, but conſtitution.*

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, conſiſting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal ſtrangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almoſt all the conveniencies of life within themſelves, they ſeldom viſited towns or cities in ſearch of ſuperfluities. Remote from the polite, they ſtill retained the primæval ſimplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they ſcarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with chearfulneſs on days of labour; but obſerved feſtivals as intervals of idleneſs and pleaſure. They kept up the chriſtmas carol, ſent true-love knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove tide, ſhewed their wit on the firſt of April, and religiouſly cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their miniſter, dreſſed in their fine cloaths, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feaſt was alſo provided for our reception, at which we ſat chearfully down; and what the converſation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was ſituated at the foot of a ſloping hill, ſheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a pratling river before; on one ſide a meadow, on the other a green. My farm conſiſted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predeceſſor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatneſs of my little encloſures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpreſſible beauty. My houſe conſiſted of but one ſtory, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great ſnugneſs; the walls on the inſide were nicely whitewaſhed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own deſigning. Though the

the ſame room ſerved us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Beſides as it was kept with the utmoſt neatneſs, the diſhes, plates and coppers, being well ſcoured, and all diſpoſed in bright rows on the ſhelves, the eye was agreeably relieved and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the reſt of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by ſun riſe we all aſſembled in our common apartment, the fire being previouſly kindled by the ſervant: after we had ſaluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up ſome mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever deſtroys friendſhip, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my ſon and I went to purſue our uſual induſtry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themſelves in providing breakfaſt, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and, in philoſophical arguments between my ſon and me.

As we roſe with the ſun, ſo we never purſued our labour after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where ſmiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleaſant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without gueſts: ſometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a viſit, and taſted our gooſeberry wine; for the making of which we had loſt neither the receipt nor the reputation. Theſe harmleſs people had ſeveral ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would ſing ſome ſoothing ballad, Johnny Armſtrong's laſt good-night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngeſt

boys being appointed to read the leſſons of the day, and he that read loudeſt, diſtincteſt, and beſt, was to have an half-penny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my ſumptuary edicts could not reſtrain. How well ſoever I fancied my lectures againſt pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I ſtill found them ſecretly attached to all their former finery: they ſtill loved laces, ribbands, bugles and catgut; my wife herſelf retained a paſſion for her crimſon paduaſoy, becauſe I formerly happened to ſay it became her.

The firſt Sunday in particular their behaviour ſerved to mortify me: I had deſired my girls the preceding night to be dreſt early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the reſt of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to aſſemble in the morning at breakfaſt, down came my wife and daughters, dreſt out in all their former ſplendour, their hair plaiſtered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taſte, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and ruſtling at every motion. I could not help ſmiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more diſcretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only reſource was to order my ſon, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more ſolemnity than before. 'Surely, my dear, you jeſt,' cried my wife, 'we can walk it perfectly well: we 'want no coach to carry us now.'—'You miſtake, 'child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach; for if we 'walk to church in this trim, the very children in the 'pariſh will hoot after us.'—'Indeed,' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of ſeeing 'his children neat and handſome about him'—'You 'may be as neat as you pleaſe,' interrupted I, 'and I 'ſhall love you the better for it; but all this is not

'neatneſs

'neatneſs but frippery. Theſe rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all 'the wives of our neighbours. No, my children,' continued I, more gravely, 'thoſe gowns may be altered 'into ſomething of a plainer cut; for finery is very 'unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. 'I do not know whether ſuch flouncing and ſhredding 'is becoming even in the rich, if we conſider, upon 'a moderate calculation, that the nakedneſs of the 'indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of 'the vain.'

This remonſtrance had the proper effect; they went with great compoſure, that very inſtant, to change their dreſs; and the next day I had the ſatisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own requeſt, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waiſtcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones: and what was ſtill more ſatisfactory, the gowns ſeemed improved by this curtailing.

## CHAP. V.

*A new and great acquaintance introduced. What we place moſt hopes upon generally proves moſt fatal.*

AT a ſmall diſtance from the houſe my predeceſſor had made a ſeat, overſhaded by an hedge of hawthorn and honey-ſuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour ſoon finiſhed, we uſually ſat together, to enjoy an extenſive landſcape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occaſional banquet; and as we had it but ſeldom, it diffuſed a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no ſmall ſhare of buſtle and ceremony. On theſe occaſions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly ſerved after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amuſements, the girls ſung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would ſtroll down the ſloping field, that was embelliſhed with blue bells and

and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every ſituation in life may bring its own peculiar pleaſures; every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening amply repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn on an holiday, for I kept ſuch as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our uſual place of amuſement, and our young muſicians began their uſual concert. As we were thus engaged we ſaw a ſtag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were ſitting, and, by its panting, ſeemed preſt by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's diſtreſs, when we perceived the dogs and horſemen come ſweeping along at ſome diſtance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was inſtantly for returning in with my family; but either curioſity or ſurprize, or ſome more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their ſeats. The huntſman, who rode foremoſt, paſt us with great ſwiftneſs, followed by four or five perſons more, who ſeemed in equal haſte. At laſt, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the reſt, came forward, and for a while regarding us, inſtead of purſuing the chace, ſtopt ſhort, and giving his horſe to a ſervant who attended, approached us with a careleſs ſuperior air. He ſeemed to want no introduction, but was going to ſalute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the leſſon of looking preſumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the eſtate that lay for ſome extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to ſalute the female part of the family; and ſuch was the power of fortune and fine cloaths, that he found no ſecond repulſe. As his addreſs, though confident, was eaſy, we ſoon became more familiar; and perceiving muſical inſtruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a ſong.

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As I did not approve of ſuch diſproportioned acquaintance, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; ſo that with a chearful air they gave us a favourite ſong of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill ſeemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himſelf. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldeſt daughter repaid his former applauſe with intereſt, and aſſured him that his tones were louder than even thoſe of her maſter. At this compliment he bowed, which ſhe returned with a curteſey. He praiſed her taſte, and ſhe commended his underſtanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy, inſiſted upon her landlord's ſtepping in, and taſting a glaſs of her gooſeberry. The whole family ſeemed earneſt to pleaſe him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought moſt modern; while Moſes, on the contrary, gave him a queſtion or two from the ancients, for which he had the ſatisfaction of being laughed at: my little ones were no leſs buſy, and fondly ſtuck cloſe to the ſtranger. All my endeavours could ſcarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarniſhing the lace on his cloaths, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes, to ſee what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requeſted permiſſion to renew his viſit, which, as he was our landlord, we moſt readily agreed to.

As ſoon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a moſt fortunate hit; for that ſhe had known even ſtranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to ſee the day in which we might hold up our heads with the beſt of them; and concluded, ſhe proteſted ſhe could ſee no reaſon why the two Miſs Wrinkles ſhould marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this laſt argument was directed to me, I proteſted I could ſee no reaſon for it neither, nor why

Mr.

Mr. Simkins got the ten thouſand pounds prize in the lottery, and we ſat down with a blank. 'I proteſt 'Charles,' cried my wife, 'this is the way you al'ways damp my girls and me when we are in ſpirits. '—Tell me, Soph, my dear, what do you think of 'our new viſitor? Don't you think he ſeemed to be 'good-natured?'----'Immenſely ſo, indeed, mama,' replied ſhe; 'I think he has a great deal to ſay upon 'every thing, and is never at a loſs; and the more 'trifling the ſubject, the more he has to ſay.'----- 'Yes,' cried Olivia, 'he is well enough for a man; 'but for my part, I don't much like him, he is ſo 'extremely impudent and familiar; but on the gui'tar he is ſhocking.' Theſe two laſt ſpeeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this that Sophia internally deſpiſed, as much as Olivia ſecretly admired him. 'Whatever may be your opinions of him, my 'children,' cried I, 'to confeſs a truth, he has not 'prepoſſeſt me in his favour. Diſproportioned friend'ſhips ever terminate in diſguſt; and I thought, not'withſtanding all his eaſe, that he ſeemed perfectly 'ſenſible of the diſtance between us. Let us keep to 'companions of our own rank. There is no character 'more contemptible than a man that is a fortune'hunter! and I can ſee no reaſon why fortune-hunting 'women ſhould not be contemptible too. Thus, at 'beſt, we ſhall be contemptible if his views are ho'nourable: but if they be otherwiſe! I ſhould ſhud'der but to think of that! It is true, I have no ap'prehenſions from the conduct of my children, but I 'think there are ſome from his character.' I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a ſervant from the ſquire, who, with his compliments, ſent us a ſide of veniſon, and a promiſe to dine with us ſome days after. This well-timed preſent pleaded more powerfully in his favour than any thing I had to ſay could obviate. I therefore continued ſilent, ſatisfied with juſt having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own diſcretion to avoid it. That virtue which re-

quires

quires to be ever guarded, is ſcarce worth the centinel.

## CHAP. VI.

*The happineſs of a country fire-ſide.*

AS we carried on the former diſpute with ſome degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was univerſally agreed, that we ſhould have a part of the veniſon for ſupper, and the girls undertook the taſk with alacrity. 'I am ſorry,' cried I, 'that we have no neighbour or ſtranger to take part 'in this good cheer: feaſts of this kind acquire a double reliſh from hoſpitality.'----'Bleſs me,' cried my wife, 'here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that 'ſaved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in 'the argument.'—'Confute me in argument, child!' cried I, 'you miſtake there, my dear. I believe there 'are but few that can do that: I never diſpute your 'abilities at making a gooſe-pye, and I beg you'll 'leave argument to me.' As I ſpoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the houſe, and was welcomed by the family, who ſhook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiouſly reached him a chair.

I was pleaſed with the poor man's friendſhip for two reaſons; becauſe I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good ſenſe; but in general he was fondeſt of the company of children, whom he uſed to call harmleſs little men. He was famous, I found, for ſinging them ballads, and telling them ſtories; and ſeldom went out without ſomething in his pockets for them, a piece of gingerbread, or an half-penny whiſtle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours hoſpitality. He ſat down

to ſupper among us, and my wife was not ſparing of her gooſeberry wine. The tale went round; he ſung us old ſongs, and gave the children the ſtory of the Buck of Beverland, with the hiſtory of Patient Grizzel, the adventures of Catſkin, and then Fair Roſamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repoſe; but an unforeſeen difficulty ſtarted about lodging the ſtranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to ſend him to the next ale-houſe. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moſes would let him lie with him. 'And I,' cried Bill, 'will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my 'ſiſters will take me to theirs.'-----'Well done, my 'good children,' cried I, 'hoſpitality is one of the 'firſt Chriſtian duties. The beaſt retires to his ſhelter, 'and the bird to it's neſt; but helpleſs man can only 'find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greateſt 'ſtranger in this world was he that came to ſave it. 'He never had an houſe, as if willing to ſee what hoſ'pitality was left remaining amongſt us.----Deborah, 'my dear,' cried I to my wife, 'give thoſe boys a 'lump of ſugar each; and let Dick's be the largeſt, 'becauſe he ſpoke firſt.'

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at ſaving an after-growth of hay, and our gueſt offering his aſſiſtance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly, we turned the ſwath to the wind, I went foremoſt, and the reſt followed in due ſucceſſion. I could not avoid, however, obſerving the aſſiduity of Mr. Burchell in aſſiſting my daughter Sophia in her part of the taſk. When he had finiſhed his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a cloſe converſation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's underſtanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneaſineſs from a man of broken fortune. When we were finiſhed for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before; but he refuſed, as he was to lie that night at a neigh-

neighbour's, to whoſe child he was carrying a whiſtle. When gone, our converſation at ſupper turned upon our late unfortunate gueſt. What a ſtrong inſtance,' ſaid I, 'is that poor man of the miſeries attending a 'youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means 'wants ſenſe, which only ſerves to aggravate his 'former folly. Poor forlorn creature! where are 'now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once 'inſpire, and command! gone perhaps, to attend the 'bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. 'They once praiſed him, and now they applaud the 'pander: their former raptures at his wit are now 'converted into ſarcaſms at his folly: he is poor, 'and perhaps deſerves poverty; for he has neither 'the ambition to be independent, nor the ſkill to be 'uſeful.' Prompted perhaps by ſome ſecret reaſons, I delivered this obſervation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. 'Whatever his 'former conduct may be, papa, his circumſtances 'ſhould exempt him from cenſure now. His preſent 'indigence is a ſufficient puniſhment for former folly; 'and I have heard my papa himſelf ſay, that we 'ſhould never ſtrike one unneceſſary blow at a victim 'over whom Providence holds the ſcourge of its re-'ſentment.'-----'You are right, Sophia,' cried my ſon Moſes, 'and one of the ancients finely repreſents 'ſo malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a ruſtic 'to flay Marſyas, whoſe ſkin, the fable tells us, had 'been wholly ſtript off by another. Beſides, I don't 'know if this poor man's ſituation be ſo bad as my 'father would repreſent it. We are not to judge of 'the feelings of others by what we might feel if in 'their place. However dark the habitation of the 'mole to our eyes, yet the animal itſelf finds the 'apartment ſufficiently lightſome. And to confeſs 'the truth, this man's mind ſeems fitted to his ſta-'tion; far I never heard any one more ſprightly than 'he was to-day, when he converſed with you.' This was ſaid without the leaſt deſign; however, it excited

 a bluſh,

a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh; assuring him, that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentlemen. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I represt my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty; Moses sat reading while I taught my little ones; my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

## CHAP. VII.

*A town wit described. The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.*

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse: but my wife in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss

Miſs Wilmot, my ſon George's former miſtreſs, this a good deal damped the heartineſs of his reception: but accident in ſome meaſure, relieved our embarraſſment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill obſerved with an oath, that he never knew any thing more abſurd than calling ſuch a fright a beauty: 'For ſtrike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I ſhould not find as much pleaſure in chooſing 'my miſtreſs by the information of a lamp under 'the clock at St. Dunſtan's.' At this he laughed, and ſo did we: the jeſts of the rich are ever ſucceſsful. Olivia too could not avoid whiſpering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner I began with my uſual toaſt, the church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he ſaid the church was the only miſtreſs of his affections. 'Come, tell us honeſtly, Frank,' ſaid the ſquire, with his uſual archneſs, 'ſuppoſe the church, 'your preſent miſtreſs, dreſt in lawn ſleeves, on one 'hand, and Miſs Sophia, with no lawn about her, 'on the other; which would you be for?'—'For both, 'to be ſure,' cried the chaplain. 'Right, Frank,' cried the ſquire; 'for may this glaſs ſuffocate me, 'but a fine girl is worth all the prieſtcraft in the 'creation. For what are tythes and tricks but an 'impoſition, all a confounded impoſture, and I can 'prove it.'——'I wiſh you would,' cried my ſon Moſes, 'and I think,' continued he, 'that I ſhould 'be able to anſwer you.'----'Very well, Sir,' cried the ſquire, who immediately ſmoked him, and winked on the reſt of the company, to prepare us for the ſport, 'if you are for a cool argument upon that ſubject, I 'am ready to accept the challenge. And firſt, whe-'ther are you for managing it analogically, or dia-'logically?'-----'I am for managing it rationally,' cried Moſes, quite happy at being permitted to diſpute. 'Good, again,' cries the ſquire; 'and firſtly, 'of the firſt, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is;

'is; if you don't grant me that, I can go no farther.'-------' Why,' returned Mofes, ' I think I may ' grant that, and make the beft of it.'---' I hope too,' returned the other, ' you will grant that a part is ' lefs than the whole-'-----' I grant that too,' cried Mofes, ' it is but juft and reafonable.'----' I hope,' cried the fquire, ' you will not deny, that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.'— ' Nothing can be plainer,' returned t'other; and looked round with his ufual importance. ' Very well,' cried the fquire, fpeaking very quick; ' the premifes ' being thus fettled, I proceed to obferve, that the ' concatenation of felf-exiftences, proceeding in a re- ' procal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a proble- ' matical dialogifm, which in fome meafure proves ' that the effence of fpirituality may be referred to the ' fecond predicable.'---' Hold, hold,' cried the other, ' I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely fub- ' mit to fuch heterodox doctrines?'-----' What,' re- ' plied the fquire, as if in a paffion, ' not fubmit! ' Anfwer me one plain queftion: Do you think Arif- ' totle right, when he fays, that relatives are related?' ——' Undoubtedly, replied the other. ' If fo then,' cried the fquire, ' anfwer me directly to what I pro- ' pofe: Whether do you judge the analytical invefti- ' gation of the firft part of my enthymen deficient fe- ' cundum quoad, or quoad minus, and give me your ' reafons: I fay, directly.'---' I proteft,' cried Mofes, ' I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reafon- ' ing; but if it be reduced to one fimple propofition, ' I fancy it may then have an anfwer.'—' O, Sir,' cried the fquire, ' I am your moft humble fervant; ' I find you want me to furnifh you with argu- ' ment and intellects too. No, Sir, there I proteft ' you are too hard for me.' This effectually raifed the laugh againft poor Mofes, who fat the only difmal figure in a groupe of merry faces: nor did he offer a fingle fyllable more during the whole entertainment.

But

But though all this gave me no pleaſure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who miſtook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and ſuch as conſider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will eaſily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithſtanding his real ignorance, talked with eaſe, and could expatiate upon the common topics of converſation with fluency. It is not ſurpriſing then that ſuch talents ſhould win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herſelf, and conſequently to ſet a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and converſation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that ſhe was the object that induced him to be our viſitor. Nor did ſhe ſeem to be much diſpleaſed at the innocent raillery of her brother and ſiſter upon this occaſion. Even Deborah herſelf ſeemed to ſhare the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. 'And 'now, my dear,' cried ſhe to me, 'I'll fairly own, 'that it was I that inſtructed my girls to encourage 'our landlord's addreſſes. I had always ſome ambi'tion, and you now ſee that I was right; for who 'knows how this may end?'---'Aye, who knows 'that indeed!' anſwered I with a groan: 'for my 'part I don't much like it; and I could have been 'better pleaſed with one that was poor and honeſt, 'than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infi'delity: for depend on't, if he be what I ſuſpect 'him, no free-thinker ſhall ever have a child of 'mine.'

'Sure, father,' cried Moſes, 'you are too ſevere 'in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what 'he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a 'thouſand vicious thoughts, which ariſe without his

'power to ſuppreſs. Thinking freely of religion may 'be involuntary with this gentleman: ſo that allow- 'ing his ſentiments to be wrong, yet as he is purely 'paſſive in his aſſent, he is no more to be blamed for 'his errors, than the governor of a city without walls 'for the ſhelter he is obliged to afford an invading 'enemy.'

'True, my ſon,' cried I; 'but if the governor in- 'vites the enemy there, he is juſtly culpable. And 'ſuch is always the caſe with thoſe who embrace 'error. The vice does not lie in aſſenting to the proofs 'they ſee; but in being blind to many of the proofs 'that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions 'be involuntary when formed, yet as we have been 'wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, 'we deſerve puniſhment for our vice, or contempt 'for our folly.'

My wife now kept up the converſation, though not the argument: ſhe obſerved, that ſeveral very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good huſbands; and ſhe knew ſome ſenſible girls that had ſkill enough to make converts of their ſpouſes: 'And who knows, my dear,' continued ſhe, 'what 'Olivia may be able to do? 'the girl has a great 'deal to ſay upon every ſubject, and to my knowledge 'is very well ſkilled in controverſy.'

'Why, my dear, what controverſy can ſhe have 'read?' cried I. 'It does not occur to me that I 'ever put ſuch books into her hands: you certainly 'over-rate her merit.'—'Indeed papa,' replied Olivia, 'ſhe does not; I have read a great deal of contro- 'verſy. I have read the diſputes between Thwackum 'and Square; the controverſy between Robinſon Cruſoe 'and Friday the ſavage; and I am now employed in 'reading the controverſy in Religious Courtſhip.'----- 'Very well,' cried I, 'that's a good girl; I find you 'are perfectly qualified for making converts, and ſo go 'help your mother to make the gooſeberry-pye.'

CHAP.

## CHAP. VIII.

*An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.*

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would in a jesting manner call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbands, her's was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave chearfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquility. 'I never sit thus,' says Sophia, 'but I 'think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. 'Gay, who were struck dead in each others arms. 'There is something so pathetic in the description, 'that I have read it an hundred times with new rap- 'ture.'-----'In my opinion,' cried my son, the finest 'strokes in that description are much below those in 'the Acis and Galatea of Ovid. The Roman poet 'understands the use of *contrast* better, and upon that figure,

'figure, artfully managed, all ſtrength in the pa- 'thetic depends.'-----'It is remarkable,' cried Mr. Burchell, 'that both the poets you mention have equally 'contributed to introduce a falſe taſte into their 'reſpective countries, by loading all their lines with 'epithet. Men of little genius found them moſt 'eaſily imitated in their defects, and Engliſh poetry, 'like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing 'at preſent but a combination of luxuriant images, 'without plot or connexion; a ſtring of epithets that 'improve the ſound without carrying on the ſenſe. 'But perhaps, Madam, while I thus reprehend others, 'you'll think it juſt that I ſhould give them an oppor- 'tunity to retaliate; and indeed I have made this re- 'mark only to have an opportunity of introducing to 'the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other 'defects, is, I think, at leaſt free from thoſe I have 'mentioned.'

## A BALLAD.

'TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
'And guide by lonely way,
'To where yon taper cheers the vale,
'With hoſpitable ray.

'For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
'With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
'Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
'Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my ſon,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
'For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here, to the houſeleſs child of want,
'My door is open ſtill:
'And though my portion is but ſcant,
'I give it with good will.

'Then turn to night, and freely ſhare
'Whate'er my cell beſtows;
'My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
'My bleſſing and repoſe.

'No flocks, that range the valley free,
'To ſlaughter I condemn;
'Taught by that Power that pities me,
'I learn to pity them.

'But, from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
'A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
'A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
'And water from the ſpring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong:
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire,
To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt.

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſt and ſmil'd;
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart:
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care opreſt:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
'The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

'From better habitations ſpurn'd,
'Reluctant doſt thou rove;
'Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
'Are trifling, and decay;
'And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
'More trifling ſtill than they.

'And what is friendſhip but a name,
'A charm that lulls to ſleep;
'A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
'But leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
'The modern fair one's jeſt;
'On earth unſeen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's neſt.

'For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
And ſpurn the ſex,' he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd, he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies;
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid, in all her charms.

And, 'Ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' ſhe cried;
'Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where heav'n and you reſide;

'But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
'Whom love has taught to ſtray,
'Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
'Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
'A wealthy lord was he ;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
'He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
'Unnumber'd ſuitors came ;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richeſt proffers ſtrove :
'Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of love.

'In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
'Nor wealth nor power had he ;
'Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
'But theſe were all to me.

'The bloſſom opening to the day,
'The dews of heav'n refin'd,
'Could nought of purity diſplay,
'To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
'With charms inconſtant ſhine ;
'Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
'Their conſtancy was mine.

'For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
'Importunate and vain :
'And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
'I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
'He left me to my pride,
'And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
'In ſecret, where he died.

'But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
'And well my life ſhall pay ;
'I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
'And ſtretch me where he lay.

‘ And there forlorn deſpairing hid,
‘ I'll lay me down and die;
‘ 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
‘ And ſo for him will I.’

‘ Forbid it heav'n!’ the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt.
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
‘ My charmer, turn to ſee
‘ Thy own, thy long loſt Edwin here,
‘ Reſtor'd to love and thee.

‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
‘ And every care reſign:
‘ And ſhall we never, never part,
‘ My life---my all that's mine!

‘ No, never from this hour to part,
‘ We'll live and love ſo true;
‘ The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
‘ Shall break thy Edwin's too.’

While this ballad was reading, Sophia ſeemed to mix an air of tenderneſs with her approbation. But our tranquility was ſoon diſturbed by the report of a gun juſt by us, and immediately after a man was ſeen burſting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This ſportſman was the ſquire's chaplain, who had ſhot one the blackbirds that ſo agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and ſo near, ſtartled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herſelf into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and aſked pardon for having diſturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being ſo near. He therefore ſat down by my youngeſt daughter, and, ſportſman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuſe, but a private look from her mother ſoon induced her to correct the miſtake, and accept his preſent, though with ſome reluctance. My wife, as uſual,

uſual, diſcovered her pride in a whiſper; obſerving that Sophia had made a conqueſt of the chaplain, as well as her ſiſter had of the ſquire. I ſuſpected however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided muſic, and refreſhments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moon-light, on the graſs plat before our door. 'Nor can I deny,' continued he, 'but I have an intereſt in being firſt to de-'liver this meſſage, as I expect for my reward to be 'honoured with Miſs Sophia's hand as a partner.' To this my girl replied, that ſhe ſhould have no objection, if ſhe could do it with honour: 'But here,' continued ſhe, 'is a gentleman,' looking at Mr. Burchell, 'who has been my companion in the taſk for the 'day, and it is fit he ſhould ſhare in its amuſements.' Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but reſigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to an harveſt ſupper. His refuſal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how ſo ſenſible a girl as my youngeſt, could thus prefer a man of broken fortune to one whoſe expectations were much greater. But as men are moſt capable of diſtinguiſhing merit in women, ſo the ladies often form the trueſt judgments of us. The two ſexes ſeem placed as ſpies upon each other, and are furniſhed with different abilities, and adapted for mutual inſpection.

## CHAP. IX.

*Two ladies of great diſtinction introduced. Superior finery ever ſeems to confer ſuperior breeding.*

MR. Burchell had ſcarce taken leave, and Sophia conſented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the ſquire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord with a couple of under

gentlemen, and two young ladies richly dreſſed, whom he introduced as women of very great diſtinction and faſhion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately propoſed that every gentleman ſhould ſit in a lady's lap. This propoſition I poſitively objected to, notwithſtanding a look of diſapprobation from my wife. Moſes was therefore diſpatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a ſet at country-dances, the two gentlemen went with him in queſt of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were ſoon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's roſy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But an unlucky circumſtance was not advanced to: though the Miſs Flamboroughs were reckoned the very beſt dancers in the pariſh, and underſtood the jig and the round-about to perfection; yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at firſt diſcompoſed us: however, after a little ſhoving and dragging, they at laſt went merrily on. Our muſic conſiſted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon ſhone bright, Mr. Thornhill and my eldeſt daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the ſpectators; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with ſo much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid diſcovering the pride of her heart, by aſſuring me, that though the little chit did it ſo cleverly, all the ſteps were ſtolen from herſelf. The ladies of the town ſtrove hard to be equally eaſy, but without ſucceſs. They ſwam, ſprawled, languiſhed, and friſked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine: but neighbour Flamborough obſerved that Miſs Livy's feet ſeemed as pat to the muſic as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehenſive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expreſſed her ſentiments upon this occaſion

in

in a very coarſe manner, when ſhe obſerved, that by the *living jingo, ſhe was all of a muck of ſweat*, Upon our return to the houſe, we found a very elegant cold ſupper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The converſation at this time, was more reſerved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the ſhade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other faſhionable topics, ſuch as pictures, taſte, Shakeſpeare, and the muſical glaſſes. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us ſenſibly by ſlipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the ſureſt ſymptom of their diſtinction, (though I am ſince informed that ſwearing is perfectly unfaſhionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any groſſneſs in their converſation. My daughters ſeemed to regard their ſuperior accompliſhments with envy; and what appeared amiſs was aſcribed to tiptop quality breeding. But the condeſcenſion of the ladies was ſtill ſuperior to their other accompliſhments. One of them obſerved, that had Miſs Olivia ſeen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added that a ſingle winter in town would make little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly aſſented to both; adding that there was nothing ſhe more ardently wiſhed than to give her girls a ſingle winter's poliſhing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already ſuperior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only ſerve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taſte for pleaſures they had no right to poſſeſs. 'And what pleaſures,' cried Mr. Thornhill, 'do they not deſerve to poſſeſs, who have ſo much 'in their power to beſtow? As for my part,' continued he, 'my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, 'and pleaſure, are my maxims; but curſe me, if a 'ſettlement of half my eſtate could give my charming 'Olivia pleaſure, it ſhould be her's; and the only 'favour I would aſk in return, would be to add

'myſelf to the benefit.' I was not ſuch a ſtanger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the faſhionable cant to diſguiſe the inſolence of the baſeſt propoſal; but I made an effort to ſuppreſs my reſentment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the family which you 'now condeſcend to favour with your company has 'been bred with as nice a ſenſe of honour as you. 'Any attempts to injure that may be attended with 'very dangerous conſequences. Honour, Sir, is our 'only poſſeſſion at preſent, and of that laſt treaſure 'we muſt be particularly careful.' I was ſoon ſorry for the warmth with which I had ſpoken this, when the young gentleman, graſping my hand, ſwore he commended my ſpirit, though he diſapproved my ſuſpicions. 'As to your preſent hints,' continued he, 'I proteſt nothing was farther from my heart than 'ſuch a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the 'virtue that will ſtand a regular ſiege was never to 'my taſte; for all my amours are carried by a coup de 'main.'

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the reſt, ſeemed highly diſpleaſed with this laſt ſtroke of freedom, and began a very diſcreet and ſerious dialogue upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, ſoon joined; and the ſquire himſelf was at laſt brought to confeſs a ſenſe of ſorrow for his former exceſſes. We talked on the pleaſures of temperance, and of the ſun-ſhine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was ſo well pleaſed, that my little ones were kept beyond the uſual time to be edified by ſo much good converſation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the propoſal, and in this manner the night was paſt in a moſt comfortable way, till at laſt the company began to think of returning. The ladies ſeemed very unwilling to part with my daughters; for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a requeſt to have the pleaſure of their company home. The ſquire ſeconded the propoſal,

poſal, and my wife added her intreaties; the girls too looked upon me as if they wiſhed to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuſes, which my daughters as readily removed; ſo that at laſt I was obliged to give a peremptory refuſal; for which we had nothing but ſullen looks and ſhort anſwers the whole day enſuing.

## CHAP. X.

*The family endeavour to cope with their betters. The miſeries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumſtances.*

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, ſimplicity and contentment, were entirely diſregarded. The diſtinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid aſleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with waſhes for the neck and face. The ſun was dreaded as an enemy to the ſkin without doors, and the fire as a ſpoiler of the complexion within. My wife obſerved, that riſing too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noſes, and ſhe convinced me that the hands never looked ſo white as when they did nothing. Inſtead, therefore, of finiſhing George's ſhirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flouriſhing upon cat-gut. The poor Miſs Flamboroughs, their former gay companions were caſt off as mean acquaintance, and the whole converſation ran upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taſte, Shakeſpeare, and the muſical glaſſes.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypſy come to raiſe us into perfect ſublimity. The tawny ſybil no ſooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a ſhilling a-piece, to croſs her hand with ſilver. To ſay the truth, I was tired of being always wiſe, and could not help

gratifying their requeſt, becauſe I loved to ſee them happy. I gave each of them a ſhilling; though, for the honour of the family, it muſt be obſerved, that they never went without money themſelves, as my wife always generouſly let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pocket; but with ſtrict injunctions never to change it. After they had been cloſeted up with the fortune-teller for ſome time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promiſed ſomething great. 'Well, my girls, how have 'you ſped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given 'thee a penny-worth?'----'I proteſt, papa,' ſays the girl, 'I believe ſhe deals with ſomebody that is not 'right; for ſhe poſitively declared, that I am to be 'married to a ſquire in leſs than a twelve-month!'---- 'Well, now, Sophy, my child,' ſaid I, and what 'ſort of a huſband are you to have?'---Sir,' replied ſhe, 'I am to have a lord ſoon after my ſiſter has married 'the ſquire.'---'How,' cried I, 'is that all you are to 'have for your two ſhillings! Only a lord and a 'ſquire for two ſhillings! You fools, I could have 'promiſed you a prince and a nabob for half the 'money.'

This curioſity of theirs, however, was attended with very ſerious effects: we now began to think ourſelves deſigned by the ſtars for ſomething exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thouſand times obſerved, and I muſt obſerve it once more, that the hours we paſs with happy proſpects in view, are more pleaſing than thoſe crowned with fruition. In the firſt caſe, we cook the diſh to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impoſſible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more riſing; and as the whole pariſh aſſerted, that the ſquire was in love with my daughter, ſhe was actually ſo with him; for they perſuaded her into the paſſion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the moſt lucky dreams in the world,

world, which ſhe took care to tell us every morning with great ſolemnity and exactneſs. It was one night a coffin and croſs bones, the ſign of an approaching wedding: at another time ſhe imagined her daughters pockets filled with farthings, a certain ſign they would ſhortly be ſtuffed with gold. The girls themſelves had their omens. They felt ſtrange kiſſes on their lips: they ſaw rings in the candle; purſes bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to ſee all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in conſequence of this, my wife and daughters in cloſe conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be ſincere, I had ſtrong ſuſpicions that ſome abſurd propoſal was preparing for appearing with ſplendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the ſiege. After tea, when I ſeemed in ſpirits, ſhe began thus: 'I fancy, Charles, my dear, we ſhall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.' 'Perhaps, we 'may, my dear,' returned I: 'though you need be 'under no uneaſineſs about that, you ſhall have a ſer'mon whether there be or not.'-----'That is what 'I expect,' returned ſhe: 'but I think, my dear, 'we ought to appear there as decently as poſſible, for 'who knows what may happen?'-----'Your precau'tions,' replied I, 'are highly commendable. A 'decent behaviour and appearance at church is what 'charms me. We ſhould be devout and humble, 'chearful and ſerene.'-----'Yes,' cried ſhe, 'I know 'that; but I mean we ſhould go there in as proper a 'manner as poſſible, not altogether like the ſcrubs 'about us.'-------'You are quite right, my dear,' 'returned I, 'and I was going to make the very ſame

'propoſal.

'proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go
'there as early as possible, to have time for medita-
'tion before the service begins.'---'Phoo, Charles,'
interrupted she, 'all this is very true; but not what I
'would be at. I mean, we should go there genteely.
'You know the church is two miles off, and I protest
'I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their
'pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking
'for all the world as if they had been winners at a
'smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this;
'there are our two plough horses, the colt that has
'been in our family these nine years, and his compa-
'nion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly
'thing for this month past. They are both grown fat
'and lazy. Why should they not do something as
'well as we? And let me tell you when Moses has
'trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable
'figure.'

To this proposal I objected, that 'walking would
'be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry con-
'veyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt
'wanted a tail: that they had never been broke to
'the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and
'that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole
'house.' All these objections, however, were over-
ruled: so that I was obliged to comply. The next
morning I perceived them not a little busy in collect-
ing such materials as might be necessary for the expe-
dition; but as I found it would be a business of time,
I walked on to the church before, and they promised
speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the read-
ing desk for their arrival; but not finding them come
as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went
through the service, not without some uneasiness at
finding them absent. This was encreased when all
was finished, and no appearance of the family. I
therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was
five miles round, though the foot-way was but two,
and when got about half-way home, perceived the pro-
cession

ceſſion marching ſlowly forward towards the church; my ſon, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horſe, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cauſe of their delay; but I ſoon found by their looks they had met with a thouſand misfortunes on the road. The horſes had at firſt refuſed to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the ſtraps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to ſtop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horſes took it into his head to ſtand ſtill, and neither blows nor intreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was juſt recovering from this diſmal ſituation that I found them; but perceiving every thing ſafe, I own their preſent mortification did not much diſpleaſe me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

## CHAP. XI.

*The family ſtill reſolve to hold up their heads.*

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected ſuch an invitation with contempt: however, we ſuffered ourſelves to be happy. Our honeſt neighbour's gooſe and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoiſeur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling ſtories was not quite ſo well. They were very long and very dull, and all about himſelf, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of ſeeing ſome innocent amuſement going forward,

ward, and ſet the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was perſuaded to join in the diverſion, and it gave me pleaſure to think ſhe was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praiſed our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles ſucceeded next, queſtions and commands followed that, and laſt of all, they ſat down to hunt the ſlipper. As every perſon may not be acquainted with this primæval paſtime, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that the company at this play plant themſelves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who ſtands in the middle, whoſe buſineſs is to catch a ſhoe, which the company ſhove about under their hams from one to another, ſomething like a weaver's ſhuttle. As it is impoſſible in this caſe, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the ſhoe on that ſide leaſt capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldeſt daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in ſpirits, and bawling for fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-ſinger; when, confuſion on confuſion, who ſhould enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney, and Miſs Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Deſcription would but beggar, therefore it is unneceſſary to deſcribe, this new mortification. Death! to be ſeen by ladies of ſuch high breeding in ſuch vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could enſue from ſuch a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's propoſing. We ſeemed ſtruck to the ground for ſome time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our houſe to ſee us, and finding us not at home, came after us hither, as they were uneaſy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a ſummary way, only ſaying, 'We were thrown from our 'horſes.' At which account the ladies were greatly concerned;

concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almoſt killed by the fright, they were vaſtly ſorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaiſance to my daughters; their profeſſions the laſt evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They proteſted a deſire of having a more laſting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miſs Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her ſiſter. They ſupported the converſation between themſelves, while my daughters ſat ſilent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himſelf, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I muſt beg leave to give him the concluding part of the preſent converſation.

'All that I know of the matter,' cries Miſs Skeggs, 'is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: 'but this I can aſſure your ladyſhip, that the whole 'rout was in amaze; his lordſhip turned all manner 'of colours, my lady fell into a ſwoon; but Sir Tom- 'kyn, drawing his ſword, ſwore he was hers to the 'laſt drop of his blood.'

'Well,' replied our peereſs, 'this I can ſay, that 'the dutcheſs never told me a ſyllable of the matter, 'and I believe her grace would keep nothing a ſecret 'from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that 'the next morning my lord duke cried out three times 'to his valet de chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jerni- 'gan, bring me my garters.'

But previouſly I ſhould have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell; who during this diſcourſe, ſat with his face turned to the fire, and at the concluſion of every ſentence would cry out *Fudge*, an expreſſion which diſpleaſed us all, and in ſome meaſure damped the riſing ſpirit of the converſation.

'Beſides,

'Besides, my dear Skeggs,' continued our peeress, 'there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion.' *Fudge.*

'I am surprized at this,' cried Miss Skeggs; 'for he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favor me with the sight of them?' *Fudge!*

'My dear creature,' replied our peeress, 'do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them.' *Fudge.*

'Your ladyship should except,' says t'other, 'your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?' *Fudge.*

'Why, my dear,' says the lady, 'you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach; and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one.'—*Fudge.*

'That I know,' cried Miss Skeggs, 'by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?' *Fudge!*

My

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this diſcourſe; but was particularly ſtruck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-ſix pounds five ſhillings Engliſh money, all which was in a manner going a begging, and might eaſily be ſecured in the family. She for a moment ſtudied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two ſuch places would fit our two daughters exactly. Beſides, if the ſquire had any real affection for my eldeſt daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was reſolved that we ſhould not be deprived of ſuch advantages for want of aſſurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. 'I hope,' cried ſhe, 'your ladyſhip 'will pardon my preſent preſumption. It is true 'we have no right to pretend to ſuch favours, but yet 'it is natural for me to wiſh putting my children for'ward in the world. And I will be bold to ſay, my 'two girls have had a pretty good education, and 'capacity, at leaſt the country can't ſhew better. 'they can read, write, and caſt accounts; they un'derſtand their needle, broadſtitch, croſs and change, 'and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, 'and frill; and know ſomething of muſic; they can 'do up ſmall clothes, and work upon catgut; my 'eldeſt can cut paper, and my youngeſt has a very 'pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.' *Fudge!*

When ſhe had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in ſilence, with an air of doubt and importance. At laſt Miſs Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condeſcended to obſerve, 'that the young 'ladies, from the opinion ſhe could form of them from 'ſo ſlight an acquaintance, ſeemed very fit for ſuch 'employments; but a thing of this kind, Madam,' cried ſhe, addreſſing my ſpouſe, 'requires a tho'rough examination into characters, and a more per-

‘ fect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam,’ continued ſhe, ‘ that I in the leaſt ſuſpect the young ‘ ladies virtue, prudence, and diſcretion: but there is ‘ a form in theſe things, Madam; there is a form.’

*Fudge!*

My wife approved her ſuſpicions very much, obſerving that ſhe was very apt to be ſuſpicious herſelf; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our peereſs declined as unneceſſary, alledging that her couſin Thornhill's recommendation would be ſufficient, and upon this we reſted our petition.

## CHAP. XII.

*Fortune ſeems reſolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.*

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to ſchemes of future conqueſt. Deborah exerted much ſagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the beſt place, and moſt opportunities of ſeeing good company. The only obſtacle to our preferment was in obtaining the ſquire's recommendation; but he had already ſhewn us too many inſtances of his friendſhip to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the uſual theme: ‘ Well, faith, my dear Charles, between our‘ ſelves, I think we have made an excellent day's ‘ work of it.’---‘ Pretty well,’ cried I, not knowing what to ſay.---‘ What, only pretty well!’ returned ſhe. ‘ I think it is very well. Suppoſe the girls ‘ ſhould come to make acquaintances of taſte in town! ‘ This I am aſſured of, that London is the only place ‘ in the world for all manner of huſbands. Beſides, ‘ my dear, ſtranger things happen every day; and as ‘ ladies of quality are ſo greatly taken with my ‘ daughters, what will not men of quality be? Entre‘ nous, I proteſt I like my Lady Blarney vaſtly, ſo ‘ very obliging. However, Miſs Carolina Wil-

‘ mina

'mina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But 'yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you 'saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, 'don't you think I did for my children there?'--- 'Aye,' returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter, 'Heaven grant they may be both the 'better for it this day three months!' This was one of those obſervations I made to impreſs my wife with an opinion of my ſagacity; for if the girls ſucceeded, then it was a pious wiſh fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate enſued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this converſation, however, was only preparatory to another ſcheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing leſs than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to ſell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horſe that would carry ſingle or double upon an occaſion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a viſit. This at firſt I oppoſed ſtoutly; but it was as ſtoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagoniſt gained ſtrength, till at laſt it was reſolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myſelf; but my wife perſuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' ſaid ſhe, 'our ſon Moſes is a diſcreet boy, and can 'buy and ſell to very good advantage; you know all 'our great bargains are of his purchaſing. He always 'ſtands out and higgles, and actually tires them till 'he gets a bargain.'

As I had ſome opinion of my ſon's prudence, I was willing enough to entruſt him with this commiſſion; and the next morning I perceived his ſiſters mighty buſy in fitting out Moſes for the fair; trimming his hair, bruſhing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The buſineſs of the toilet being over, we had at laſt the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him

mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which though grown too ſhort, was much too good to be thrown away. His waiſtcoat was of goſling green, and his ſiſters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him ſeveral paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck, good luck,' till we could ſee him no longer.

He was ſcarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, ſaying, that he overheard his young maſter mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune ſeemed reſolved not to come alone. Another footman from the ſame family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received ſuch pleaſing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous enquiries, they hoped to be perfectly ſatisfied. 'Ay,' cried my wife, 'I now ſee it is no eaſy matter to get into the families 'of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as 'Moſes ſays, one may go to ſleep.' To this piece of humour, for ſhe intended it for wit, my daughters aſſented with a loud laugh of pleaſure. In ſhort, ſuch was her ſatisfaction at this meſſage, that ſhe actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the meſſenger ſeven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our viſiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters alſo a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, ſnuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was uſually fond of a weazel-ſkin purſe, as being the moſt lucky: but this by the bye. We had ſtill a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in ſome meaſure diſpleaſing; nor could we now avoid commu-

nicating

nicating our happineſs to him, and aſking his advice: although we ſeldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to aſk it. When we read the note from the two ladies, he ſhook his head, and obſerved that an affair of this ſort demanded the utmoſt circumſpection. This air of diffidence highly diſpleaſed my wife. 'I never doubted, Sir,' cried ſhe, 'your readineſs to be 'againſt my daughters and me. You have more cir-'cumſpection than is wanted. However, I fancy 'when we come to aſk advice, we ſhall apply to per-'ſons who ſeem to have made uſe of it themſelves.'—'Whatever my own conduct may have been, Madam,' replied he, 'is not the preſent queſtion; though as I 'have made no uſe of advice myſelf, I ſhould in con-'ſcience give it to thoſe that will.' As I was appre-henſive this anſwer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuſe what it wanted in wit, I changed the ſubject, by ſeeming to wonder what could keep our ſon ſo long at the fair, as it was now almoſt night-fall. 'Never mind our ſon,' cried my wife; 'depend upon 'it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll 'never ſee him ſell his hen on a rainy day. I have 'ſeen him buy ſuch bargains as would amaze one. 'I'll tell you a good ſtory about that, that will make 'you ſplit your ſides with laughing. But as I live, 'yonder comes Moſes, without an horſe, and the box 'at his back.'

As ſhe ſpoke, Moſes came ſlowly on foot, and ſweat-ing under the deal box, which he had ſtrapt round his ſhoulders like a pedlar. 'Welcome, welcome, 'Moſes; well, my boy, what have you brought us 'from the fair?—' I have brought you myſelf,' cried Moſes, with a ſly look, and reſting the box on the dreſſer. 'Aye, Moſes,' cried my wife, 'that we 'know, but where is the horſe?—' I have ſold him,' cried Moſes, 'for three pounds five ſhillings and two-'pence.'—' Well done, my good boy,' returned ſhe, 'I knew you would touch them off. Between our-'ſelves, three pounds five ſhillings and two-pence is

'no bad day's work. Come let us have it then.'—
'I have brought back no money,' cried Mofes again.
'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,'
pulling out a bundle from his breaft: 'here they
'are; a groce of green fpectacles, with filver rims
'and fhagreen cafes.'----'A groce of green fpecta-
'cles!' replied my wife in a faint voice. 'And you
'have parted with the colt, and brought us back
'nothing but a groce of green paltry fpectacles?----
'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you liften
'to reafon; I had them a dead bargain, or I fhould
'not have bought them. The filver rims alone will
'fell for double the money-'----'A fig for the filver
'rims,' cried my wife in a paffion: 'I dare fwear
'they won't fell for above half the money at the rate
'of broken filver, five fhillings an ounce.----'You
'need be under no uneafinefs,' cried I, 'about felling
'the rims, for they are not worth fix-pence, for I
'perceive they are only copper varnifhed over.'------
'What,' cried my wife, 'not filver! the rims not
'filver!'----'No,' cried I, 'no more filver than your
'faucepan.'—'And fo,' returned fhe, 'we have parted
'with the colt, and have only got a groce of green
'fpectacles, with copper rims and fhagreen cafes! A
'murrain take fuch trumpery. The blockhead has
'been impofed upon, and fhould have known his com-
'pany better.'----'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you
'are wrong, he fhould not have known them at all.'---
'Marry, hang the idiot,' returned fhe, 'to bring me
'fuch ftuff; if I had them, I would throw them in
'the fire.'---'There again you are wrong, my dear,'
cried I; 'for though they be copper, we will keep
'them by us, as copper fpectacles, you know, are
'better than nothing.

By this time the unfortunate Mofes was undeceived. He now faw that he had indeed been impofed upon by a prowling fharper, who, obferving his figure, had marked him for an eafy prey. I therefore afked him the circumftance of his deception. He fold the horfe,

it ſeems, and walked the fair in ſearch of another. A reverend looking man brought him a tent, under pretence of having one to ſell. 'Here,' continued Moſes, 'we met another man very well dreſt, who 'deſired to borrow twenty pounds upon theſe, ſaying 'that he wanted money, and would diſpoſe of them 'for a third of the value. The firſt gentleman who 'pretended to be my friend, whiſpered me to buy 'them, and cautioned me not to let ſo good an 'offer paſs. I ſent for Mr. Flamborough, and they 'talked him up as finely as they did me, and ſo 'at laſt we were perſuaded to buy the two groce be-'tween us.'

## CHAP. XIII.

*Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the confidence to give diſagreeable advice.*

OUR family had now made ſeveral attempts to be fine; but ſome unforeſeen diſaſter demoliſhed each as ſoon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every diſappointment, to improve their good ſenſe in proportion as they were fruſtrated in ambition. 'You ſee my children,' cried I, 'how little is to 'be got by attempts to impoſe upon the world, in 'coping with our betters. Such as are poor and 'will aſſociate with none but the rich, are hated by 'thoſe they avoid, and deſpiſed by thoſe they follow. 'Unequal combinations are always diſadvantageous 'to the weaker ſide; the rich having the pleaſure, 'and the poor the inconvencies that reſult from them. 'But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable 'you were reading to-day for the good of the com-'pany.'

'Once upon a time,' cried the child, 'a giant and 'a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They 'made a bargain they never would forſake each other, 'but go ſeek adventures. The firſt battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who

'was

'was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a 'most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little 'injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly struck off 'the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful 'plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a 'short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, 'and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of 'spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. 'This was against three bloody minded satyrs, who 'were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf 'was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all 'that struck the first blow, which was returned by 'another that knocked out his eye; but the giant 'was soon up with them, and had they not fled 'would certainly have killed them every one. They 'were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel 'who was relieved fell in love with the giant, and 'married him. They now travelled far, and farther 'than I can tell, till they met with a company of 'robbers. The giant for the first time, was foremost 'now; but the dwarf was not far behind. The 'battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant 'came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like 'to have been killed more than once. At last the 'victory declared for the two adventurers; but the 'dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, 'a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a 'single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little 'companion, "My little hero, this is glorious sport; "let us get one victory more, and then we shall have "honour for ever."---"No," cries the dwarf, who by this time was grown wiser, "no, I declare off; "I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle, that "you get all the honour and rewards, but all the "blows fall upon me."

I was going to moralize upon this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted

insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. 'Madam,' cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, 'as for secret reasons, you are right; I have 'secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because 'you are not able to answer those of which I make no 'secret: But I find my visits here are become trou'blesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and per'haps come once more to take a final farewel when 'I am quitting the country.' Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: 'How, woman,' cried I to her, 'is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return 'their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were 'the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing 'that ever escaped your lips!'---'Why would he pro'voke me then?' replied she; 'but I know the mo'tives of his advice perfectly well. He would pre'vent my girls from going to town, that he may have 'the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here 'at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose 'better company than such low-liv'd fellows as he.'---
'Low-

'Low-liv'd, my dear, do you call him,' cried I, 'it is 'very poſſible we may miſtake this man's character: 'for he ſeems upon ſome occaſions the moſt finiſhed 'gentleman I ever knew.---Tell me Sophia, my girl, 'has he ever given you any ſecret inſtances of his 'attachment?'-----'His converſation with me, Sir,' 'replied my daughter, 'has ever been ſenſible, modeſt, 'and pleaſing. As to aught elſe; no, never. Once 'indeed I remember to have heard him ſay, he never 'knew a woman who could find merit in a man that 'ſeemed poor.'----'Such, my dear,' cried I, 'is the 'common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I 'hope you have been taught to judge properly of 'ſuch men, and that it would be even madneſs to ex-'pect happineſs from one who has been ſo very bad an 'œconomiſt of his own. Your mother and I have 'now better proſpects for you. The next winter, 'which you will probably ſpend in town, will give 'you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.'

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occaſion I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not diſpleaſed at the bottom, that we were rid of a gueſt from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hoſpitality went to my conſcience a little: but I quickly ſilenced that monitor by two or three ſpecious reaſons, which ſerved to ſatisfy and reconcile me to myſelf. The pain which conſcience gives the man who has already done wrong, is ſoon got over. Conſcience is a coward, and thoſe faults it has not ſtrength to prevent, it ſeldom has juſtice enough to accuſe.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIV.

*Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.*

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensibly necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expence. We debated, therefore, in full council, what were the easiest methods of raising money; or more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished; it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself.-----Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he should have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home: a third perceived he had a windgall, and

and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, ſpavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a moſt hearty contempt for the poor animal myſelf, and was almoſt aſhamed at the approach of every cuſtomer: for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me; yet I reflected that the number of witneſſes was a ſtrong preſumption they were right; and St. Gregory upon good works, profeſſes himſelf to be of the ſame opinion.

I was in this mortifying ſituation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had alſo buſineſs at the fair, came up, and ſhaking me by the hand, propoſed adjourning to a public-houſe, and taking a glaſs of whatever we could get. I readily cloſed with the offer, and entering an alehouſe, we were ſhewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who ſat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life ſaw a figure that prepoſſeſſed me more favourably. His locks of ſilver grey venerably ſhaded his temples, and his green old age ſeemed to be the reſult of health and benevolence. However, his preſence did not interrupt our converſation; my friend and I diſcourſed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whiſtonian controverſy, my laſt pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard meaſure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a ſhort time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who entering the room, reſpectfully ſaid ſomething ſoftly to the old ſtranger.— 'Make no apologies, my child,' ſaid the old man; 'to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow creatures: take this, I wiſh it were more: but five pounds will relieve your diſtreſs, and you are welcome.' The modeſt youth ſhed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was ſcarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence

benevolence pleaſed me ſo. He continued to read, and we reſumed our converſation, until my companion, after ſome time, recollecting that he had buſineſs to tranſact in the fair, promiſed to be ſoon back; adding, that he always deſired to have as much of Dr. Primroſe's company as poſſible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, ſeemed to look at me with attention, for ſome time, and when my friend was gone, moſt reſpectfully demanded if I was related to the great Primroſe, that courageous monogamiſt, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel ſincerer rapture than at that moment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the applauſe of ſo good a man, as I am ſure you are, adds to that happineſs in my breaſt which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, Sir, that Dr. Primroſe, the monogamiſt, whom you have been pleaſed to call great. You here ſee that unfortunate divine, who has ſo long, and it would ill become me to ſay ſucceſsfully, fought againſt the deuterogamy of the age.'—'Sir,' cried the ſtranger, ſtruck with awe, 'I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curioſity, Sir, I beg pardon.' —'Sir,' cried I, 'graſping his hand, 'you are ſo far from diſpleaſing me by your familiarity, that I muſt beg you'll accept my friendſhip, as you already have my eſteem.'——'Then with gratitude I accept the offer,' cried he, ſqueezing me by the hand, thou glorious pillar of unſhaken orthodoxy; and do I behold——' I here interrupted what he was going to ſay: for though, as an author, I could digeſt no ſmall ſhare of flattery, yet now my modeſty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more inſtantaneous friendſhip. We talked upon ſeveral ſubjects: at firſt, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he deſpiſed all human doctrines as droſs. Yet this no way leſſened him in my eſteem; for I had for ſome time begun privately to harbour ſuch an opinion myſelf.

ſelf. I therefore took occaſion to obſerve, that th world in general began to be blameably indifferent a to doctrinal matters, and followed human ſpecula tion too much. ‘ Aye, Sir,’ replied he, as if he h reſerved all his learning to that moment; ‘ Aye, Si ‘ the world is in its dotage, and yet the coſmogon ‘ or creation of the world has puzzled philoſophers ‘ all ages. What a medley of opinions have they n ‘ broached upon the creation of the world? Sanc ‘ niathon, Manetho, Beroſus, and Ocellus Lucanu ‘ have all attempted it in vain. The later has th ‘ words: *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, whi ‘ imply that all things have neither beginning ‘ end. Manetho, alſo, who lived about the time ‘ Nebuchadon-Aſſer, Aſſer being a Syriac wo ‘ uſually applied as a ſirname to the kings of th ‘ country, as Teglat Phäel-Aſſer; Nabon-Aſſer; ‘ I ſay, formed a conjecture equally abſurd; for ‘ we uſually ſay *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which i ‘ plies that books will never teach the world; ſo ‘ attempted to inveſtigate—But, Sir, I aſk pard ‘ I am ſtraying from the queſtion.’ That he ac ally was; nor could I for my life ſee how the cr tion of the world had any thing to do with the bu neſs I was talking of; but it was ſufficient to ſhew that he was a man of letters, and I now reveren him the more. I was reſolved therefore to bring h to the touchſtone; but he was too mild and too ge to contend for victory. Whenever I made any ob vation that looked like a challenge to controverſy, would ſmile, ſhake his head, and ſay nothing, which I underſtood he could ſay much, if he thou proper. The ſubject, therefore, inſenſibly chan from the buſineſs of antiquity to that which brou us to the fair; mine, I told him, was to ſell an ho and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for on his tenants. My horſe was ſoon produced, and in we ſtruck a bargain. Nothing now remained bu pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty po

note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. 'Here, Abraham,' cried he, 'go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour 'Jackſon's, or any where.' While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great ſcarcity of ſilver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring alſo the great ſcarcity of gold; ſo that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never ſo hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great diſappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having pauſed a little, aſked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, 'If that be the caſe then,' returned he, 'I believe we ſhall deal. You ſhall have a draught 'upon him payable at ſight: and let me tell you, he 'is as warm a man as any within five miles round 'him. Honeſt Solomon and I have been acquainted 'for many years together. I remember I always beat 'him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg 'further than I.' A draft upon my neighbour was to me the ſame as money; for I was ſufficiently convinced of his ability; the draft was ſigned and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinſon, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horſe, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleaſed with each other.

After a ſhort interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect I had done wrong in taking a draft from a ſtranger, and ſo prudently reſolved upon following the purchaſer, and having back my horſe. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, reſolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as faſt as poſſible. I found my honeſt neighbour ſmoaking his pipe at his own door,

and informing him that I had a ſmall bill upon him, he read it twice over. ‘ You can read the name I ‘ ſuppoſe,’ cried I, ‘ Ephraim Jenkinſon.’----‘ Yes,’ returned he, ‘ the name is written plain enough, and ‘ I know the gentleman too, the greateſt raſcal under ‘ the canopy of heaven. This is the very ſame rogue ‘ who ſold us the ſpectacles. Was he not a venerable ‘ looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his ‘ pocket holes? And did he not talk a long ſtring of ‘ learning about Greek, and coſmogony, and the ‘ world?’ To this I replied with a groan. ‘ Aye,’ continued he, ‘ he has but one piece of learning in the ‘ world, and he always talks it wherever he finds a ‘ ſcholar in company: but I know the rogue, and will ‘ catch him yet.’

Though I was already ſufficiently mortified, my greateſt ſtruggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to ſchool, there to behold the maſter's viſage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by firſt falling into a paſſion myſelf.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way diſpoſed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from ſome malicious perſon, were that day ſet out for London. He could neither diſcover the tendency, nor the author of theſe, but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to aſſure our family of his friendſhip and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my diſappointment with great reſignation, as it was eclipſed in the greatneſs of their own. But what perplexed us moſt was to think who could be ſo baſe as to aſperſe the character of a family ſo harmleſs as ours; too humble to excite envy, and too inoffenſive to create diſguſt.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XV.

*All Mr. Burchell's villainy at once detected. The folly of being over wise.*

THAT evening, and part of the following day, were employed in fruitleſs attempts to diſcover our enemies: ſcarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our ſuſpicions, and each of us had reaſons for our opinion beſt known to ourſelves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter caſe which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been ſeen; and upon examination, contained ſome hints upon different ſubjects; but what particularly engaged our attention, was a ſealed note, ſuperſcribed, 'the copy of a letter 'to be ſent to the ladies at Thornhill Caſtle.' It inſtantly occurred, that he was the baſe informer: and we deliberated, whether the note ſhould not be broke open. I was againſt it; but Sophia, who ſaid ſhe was ſure that of all men he would be the laſt to be guilty of ſo much baſeneſs, inſiſted upon its being read. In this ſhe was ſeconded by the reſt of the family; and, at their joint ſolicitation, I read as follows:

'LADIES,

'The bearer will ſufficiently ſatisfy you as to the 'perſon from whom this comes: one at leaſt the friend 'of innocence, and ready to prevent its being ſeduced. 'I am informed for a truth, that you have ſome in-'tention of bringing two young ladies to town, 'whom I have ſome knowledge of, under the character 'of companions. As I would neither have ſimpli-'city impoſed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I muſt 'offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of ſuch a 'ſtep will be attended with dangerous conſequences. 'It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the 'lewd with ſeverity; nor ſhould I now have taken this 'method of explaining myſelf, or reproving folly,

'did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admo-
'nition of a friend, and ſeriouſly reflect on the con-
'ſequences of introducing infamy and vice into re-
'treats where peace and innocence have hitherto re-
'ſided.'

Our doubts were now at an end. There ſeemed indeed ſomething applicable to both ſides in this letter, and it's cenſures might as well be refered to thoſe to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had ſcarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unreſtrained reſentment. Olivia was equally ſevere, and Sophia ſeemed perfectly amazed at his baſeneſs. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vileſt inſtances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his deſire of detaining my youngeſt daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all ſat ruminating upon ſchemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running to tell us, that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is eaſier to conceive than deſcribe the complicated ſenſations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleaſure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude: yet it was reſolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpoſe we agreed to meet him with our uſual ſmiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindneſs, to amuſe him a little: and then, in the midſt of the flattering calm, to burſt upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the ſenſe of his own baſeneſs. This being reſolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the buſineſs herſelf, as ſhe really had ſome talents for ſuch an undertaking. We ſaw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and ſat down. 'A fine day, Mr. Burchell.'—'A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy

'we

'we ſhall have ſome rain, by the ſhooting of my corns.' —'The ſhooting of your horns,' cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then aſked pardon for being fond of a joke. 'Dear madam,' replied he, 'I pardon you with all my heart; for I proteſt I ſhould not have thought it a joke had you not told me.'---- 'Perhaps not, Sir,' cried my wife, winking at us; 'and yet I dare ſay you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.'----'I fancy, Madam, returned Burchell, 'you have been reading a jeſt book this morning, that ounce of jokes is ſo very good a conceit; and yet, Madam, I had rather ſee half an ounce of underſtanding.'---'I believe you might,' cried my wife, ſtill ſmiling at us, though the laugh was againſt her; 'and yet I have ſeen ſome men pretend to underſtanding that have very little.'---'And no doubt,' replied her antagoniſt, 'you have known ladies ſet up for wit that had none.' I quickly began to find, that my wife was likely to gain but little at this buſineſs; ſo I reſolved to treat him in a ſtyle of more ſeverity myſelf. 'Both wit and underſtanding,' cried I, 'are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character; the ignorant peaſant, without fault, is greater than the philoſopher with many; for what is genius or courage without an heart?

*'An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.'*

'I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope,' returned Mr. Burchell, 'as very unworthy a man of genius, and a baſe deſertion of his own ſuperiority. As the reputation of books is raiſed not by their freedom from defect but the greatneſs of their beauties; ſo ſhould that of men be prized not from their exemption from fault, but the ſize of thoſe virtues they are poſſeſſed of. The ſcholar may want prudence, the ſtateſman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but ſhall we prefer to theſe the low mechanic, who laboriouſly plods on through life without cenſure or applauſe? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemiſh ſchool,

'to

'to the erroneous, but ſublime animations of the Ro-
'man pencil.'

'Sir,' replied I, 'your preſent obſervation is juſt, 'when there are ſhining virtues and minute defects; 'but when it appears that great vices are oppoſed in 'the ſame mind to as extraordinary virtues, ſuch a 'character deſerves contempt.'

'Perhaps,' cried he, 'there may be ſome ſuch mon-'ſters as you deſcribe, of great vices joined to great 'virtues; yet in my progreſs through life, I never 'yet found one inſtance of their exiſtence: on the con-'trary, I have ever perceived that where the mind 'was capacious, the affections were good. And in-'deed Providence ſeems kindly our friend in this par-'ticular, thus to debilitate the underſtanding where 'the heart is corrupt, and diminiſh the power where 'there is the will to do miſchief. This rule ſeems to 'extend even to other animals: the little vermin race 'are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; whilſt 'thoſe endowed with ſtrength and power, are gene-'rous, brave, and gentle.'

'Theſe obſervations ſound well,' returned I, 'and 'yet it would be eaſy this moment to point out a man,' and I fixed my eye ſtedfaſtly upon him, 'whoſe head 'and heart form a moſt deteſtable contraſt. Aye, 'Sir,' continued I, raiſing my voice, 'and I am glad 'to have this opportunity of detecting him in the 'midſt of his fancied ſecurity. Do you know this, 'Sir, this pocket book?'---'Yes, Sir,' returned he, with a face of impenetrable aſſurance, 'that pocket 'book is mine, and I am glad you have found it.'--'And do you know,' cried I, 'this letter? Nay 'never faulter, man; but look me full in the face: 'ſay, do you know this letter?'---'That letter,' re-turned he; 'yes, it was I that wrote that letter.'--'And how could you,' ſaid I, 'ſo baſely, ſo ungrate-'fully, preſume to write this letter?'---'And how 'came you,' replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, 'ſo baſely to preſume to break open this 'letter

'letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you for 'this? All that I have to do, is to ſwear at the next 'Juſtice's, that you have been guilty of breaking open 'the lock of my pocket-book, and ſo hang you all up at this door.' This piece of unexpected inſolence raiſed me to ſuch a pitch that I could ſcarce govern my paſſion. 'Ungrateful wretch be gone, and no longer 'pollute my dwelling with thy baſeneſs. Be gone, 'and never let me ſee thee again: go from my door, 'and the only puniſhment I wiſh thee is an alarmed 'conſcience, which will be a ſufficient tormentor!' So ſaying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a ſmile, and ſhutting the claſps, with the utmoſt compoſure, left us quite aſtoniſhed at the ſerenity of his aſſurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him aſhamed of his villanies. 'My dear,' cried I, willing to calm thoſe paſſions which had been raiſed too high among us, 'we are not to be ſurpriſed that bad 'men want ſhame; they only bluſh at being detected 'in doing good, but glory in their vices.'

'Guilt and Shame, (ſays the allegory) were at firſt 'companions, and in the beginning of their journey 'inſeparably kept together. But their union was ſoon 'found to be diſagreeable and inconvenient to both; 'Guilt gave Shame frequent uneaſineſs, and Shame 'often betrayed the ſecret conſpiracies of Guilt. After 'long diſagreement therefore they at length conſented 'to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, 'to overtake Fate, that went before in the ſhape of an 'executioner; but Shame being naturally timorous, 'returned back to keep company with Virtue, which 'in the beginning of their journey they had left behind.---Thus, my children, after men have travelled 'through a few ſtages in vice, Shame forſakes them, 'and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they 'have ſtill remaining.'

CHAP.

## CHAP. XVI.

*The family uſe art, which is oppoſed by ſtill greater.*

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's ſenſations, the reſt of the family were eaſily conſoled for Mr. Burchell's abſence by the company of our landlord, whoſe viſits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been diſappointed in procuring my daughters the amuſements of the town, as he deſigned, he took every opportunity of ſupplying them with thoſe little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He uſually came in the morning, and while my ſon and I followed our occupations abroad, he ſat with the family at home, and amuſed them by deſcribing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the obſervations that were retailed in the atmoſphere of the play-houſes, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made their way into the jeſt-books. The intervals between converſation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, ſometimes in ſetting my two little ones to box, to make them *ſharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a ſon in-law, in ſome meaſure blinded us to all his imperfections. It muſt be owned that my wife laid a thouſand ſchemes to entrap him; or, to ſpeak it more tenderly, uſed every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat ſhort and criſp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooſeberry wine was well knit, the gooſeberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the compoſition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would ſometimes tell the ſquire, that ſhe thought him and Olivia extremely of a ſize, and would bid both ſtand up to ſee which was the talleſt. Theſe inſtances of cunning, which ſhe thought impenetrable, yet which every body

ſaw

ſaw through, were very pleaſing to our benefactor, who gave every day ſome new proof of his paſſion, which though they had not ariſen to propoſals of marriage, yet we thought fell but very little ſhort of it: and his ſlowneſs was attributed ſometimes to native baſhfulneſs, and ſometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence however, which happened ſoon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he deſigned to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an abſolute promiſe.

My wife and daughter happening to return a viſit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likeneſſes at fifteen ſhillings a head. As this family and ours had long a ſort of rivalry in point of taſte, our ſpirit took the alarm at this ſtolen march upon us, and notwithſtanding all I could ſay, and I ſaid much, it was reſolved that we ſhould have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do) our next deliberation was to ſhew the ſuperiority of our taſte in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were ſeven of them, and they were drawn with ſeven oranges, a thing quite out of taſte, no variety in life, no compoſition in the the world. We deſired to have ſomething in a brighter ſtyle, and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous reſolution of being drawn together, in one large hiſtorical family piece. This would be cheaper, ſince one frame would ſerve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taſte were now drawn in the ſame manner. As we did not immediately recollect an hiſtorical ſubject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent hiſtorical figures. My wife deſired to be repreſented as Venus, and the painter was deſired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her ſtomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her ſide, while I, in my gown and band, was to preſent her with my book

on

on the Whiſtonian controverſy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon ſitting upon a bank of flowers, dreſt in a green joſeph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a Shepherdeſs, with as many ſheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moſes was to be dreſſed out with an hat and white feather.

Our taſte ſo much pleaſed the ſquire, that he inſiſted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was conſidered by us all as an indication of his deſire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuſe his requeſt. The painter was therefore ſet to work, and as he wrought with aſſiduity and expedition, in leſs than four days the whole was compleated. The piece was large, and it muſt be owned he did not ſpare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly ſatisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumſtance had not occurred till the picture was finiſhed, which now ſtruck us with diſmay. It was ſo very large that we had no place in the houſe to fix it. How we all came to diſregard ſo material a point is inconceiveable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiſs. The picture, therefore, inſtead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a moſt mortifying manner againſt the kitchen wall, where the canvas was ſtretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jeſt of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinſon Cruſoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more reſembled a reel in a bottle; ſome wondered how it could be got out, but ſtill more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of ſome, it effectually raiſed more malicious ſuggeſtions in many. The ſquire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to eſcape envy. Scandalous whiſpers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquility was continually diſturbed by perſons who came as

friends

friends to tell us what was ſaid of us by enemies. Theſe reports were always reſented with becoming ſpirit; but ſcandal ever improves by oppoſition.

We once again, therefore, entered into conſultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at laſt came to a reſolution which had too much cunning to give me entire ſatisfaction. It was this: as the principal object was to diſcover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addreſſes, my wife undertook to ſound him, by pretending to aſk his advice in the choice of a huſband for her eldeſt daughter. If this was not found ſufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then reſolved to terrify him with a rival. To this laſt ſtep, however, I would by no means give my conſent, till Olivia gave me the moſt ſolemn aſſurances that ſhe would marry the perſon provided to rival him upon the occaſion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himſelf. Such was the ſcheme laid, which though I did not ſtrenuouſly oppoſe, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to ſee us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mama an opportunity of putting her ſcheme in execution: but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole converſation: my wife artfully introduced it by obſerving, that one of the Miſs Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the ſquire aſſenting, ſhe proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always ſure of getting good huſbands: 'But heaven help,' continued ſhe, 'the girls that have none. What ſignifies beauty, 'Mr. Thornhill? or what ſignifies all the virtue and 'all the qualifications in the world, in this age of 'ſelf-intereſt? It is not, what is ſhe? but what has 'ſhe? is all the cry.'

'Madam,' returned he, 'I highly approve the 'juſtice, as well as the novelty of your remarks; and 'if I were a king it ſhould be otherwiſe. It ſhould 'then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without

'fortunes: our two young ladies ſhould be the firſt
'for whom I would provide.

'Ah, Sir?' returned my wife, 'you are pleaſed
'to be facetious: but I wiſh I were a queen, and then
'I know where my eldeſt daughter ſhould look for an
'huſband. But now that you have put it into my
'head, ſeriouſly Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend
'me a proper huſband for her; ſhe is now nineteen
'years old, well grown, and well educated; and in
'my humble opinion does not want for parts.'

'Madam,' replied he, 'if I were to chooſe, I
'would find out a perſon poſſeſſed of every accom-
'pliſhment that can make an angel happy. One with
'prudence, fortune, taſte, and ſincerity; ſuch Ma-
'dam, would be, in my opinion, the proper huſ-
'band.'---'Aye, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'but do you know
'of any ſuch perſon?---'No, Madam,' returned he,
'it is impoſſible to know any perſon, that deſerves
'to be her huſband; ſhe's too great a treaſure for one
'man's poſſeſſion: ſhe's a goddeſs. Upon my ſoul I
'ſpeak what I think, ſhe is an angel.'---'Ah, Mr.
'Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have
'been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants,
'whoſe mother is lately dead, and who wants a mana-
'ger; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a
'warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good
'bread; and who has ſeveral times made her propoſals'
(which was actually the caſe:) 'But, Sir,' concluded
ſhe, 'I ſhould be glad to have your approbation of
'our choice!'---'How Madam!' replied he, 'my ap-
'probation! My approbation of ſuch a choice! Never.
'What ſacrifice ſo much beauty, and ſenſe, and good-
'neſs, to a creature inſenſible of the bleſſing! Excuſe
'me, I can never approve of ſuch a piece of injuſtice!
'And I have my reaſons.'---'Indeed, Sir,' cried De-
'borah, 'if you have your reaſons, that's another affair;
'but I ſhould be glad to know thoſe reaſons.'---
'Excuſe me, Madam,' returned he, 'they lie too
'deep

'deep for diſcovery;' (laying his hand upon his boſom) 'they remain buried, rivetted here.'

After he was gone, upon general conſultation, we could not tell what to make of theſe fine ſentiments. Olivia conſidered them as inſtances of the moſt exalted paſſion; but I was not quite ſo ſanguine; it ſeemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was reſolved to proſecute the ſcheme of Farmer Williams, who from my daughter's firſt appearance in the country, had paid her his addreſſes.

## CHAP. XVII.

*Scarce any virtue found to reſiſt the power of long and pleaſing temptation.*

AS I only ſtudied my child's real happineſs, the aſſiduity of Mr. Williams pleaſed me, as he was in eaſy circumſtances, prudent and ſincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former paſſion; ſo that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our houſe, and ſurveyed each other for ſome time with looks of anger; but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her ſide, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting, which was her real character, pretending to laviſh all her tenderneſs on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a penſive air took leave; though I own it puzzled me to find him in ſo much pain as he ſeemed to be, when he had it in his power ſo eaſily to remove the cauſe, by declaring an honourable paſſion. But whatever uneaſineſs he ſeemed to endure, it could eaſily be perceived that Olivia's anguiſh was ſtill greater. After any of theſe interviews between her lovers, of which there were ſeveral, ſhe uſually retired to ſolitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in ſuch a ſituation I found her one evening, after ſhe had been for ſome time ſup-

porting a fictitious gaiety. ‘You now see, my child,’ said I, ‘that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill’s passion was all a dream; he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration.’---‘Yes, papa,’ returned she, ‘but he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convince me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours.’---‘Olivia, my darling,’ returned I, ‘every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted: but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me, and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name then your day, let it be as distant as you think proper, and in the mean time take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever.’ This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other’s insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill’s presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such

Such vigorous proceedings ſeemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me ſome uneaſineſs. In this ſtruggle between prudence and paſſion, her vivacity quite forſook her, and every opportunity of ſolitude was ſought, and ſpent in tears. One week paſſed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to reſtrain her nuptials. The ſucceeding week he was ſtill aſſiduous, but no more open. On the third he diſcontinued his viſits entirely; and inſtead of my daughter teſtifying an impatience, as I expected, ſhe ſeemed to retain a penſive tranquility, which I looked upon as reſignation. For my own part I was now ſincerely pleaſed with thinking that my child was going to be ſecured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her reſolution, in preferring happineſs to oſtentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling ſtories of the paſt, and laying ſchemes for the future. Buſied in forming a thouſand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermoſt. 'Well Moſes,' cried I, 'we ſhall ſoon, 'my boy, have a wedding in our family; what is 'your opinion of matters and things in general?'---- 'My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very 'well; and I was juſt now thinking, that when ſiſter 'Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we ſhall then 'have the loan of his cyder-preſs and brewing tubs 'for nothing.'------'That we ſhall Moſes,' cried I, 'and he will ſing us Death and the Lady to raiſe our 'ſpirits in the bargain.---'He has taught that ſong 'to our Dick?' cried Moſes; 'and I think he goes 'through it very prettily.'-----'Does he ſo,' cried I, 'then let us have it: where is little Dick,' let him 'up with it boldly.'---'My brother Dick,' cried Bill, my youngeſt, 'is juſt gone with ſiſter Livy; but Mr. 'Williams has taught me two ſongs, and I'll ſing 'them to you papa. Which ſong do you chuſe----- '*The dying Swan*; or the *Elegy on the Death of a*

'*Mad dog?*---'The elegy, child, by all means,' ſaid 'I; I never heard that yet---and Deborah, my life, 'grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the 'beſt gooſeberry wine, to keep up our ſpirits. I 'have wept ſo much at all ſorts of elegies of late, 'that, without an enlivening glaſs, I am ſure this will 'overcome me.---And Sophy, love, take your guitar, 'and thrum in with the boy a little.'

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every ſort,
Give ear unto my ſong;
And if you find it wond'rous ſhort,
It cannot hold you long.

In Iſlington there was a man,
Of whom the world might ſay,
That ſtill a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at firſt were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring ſtreets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran;
And ſwore the dog had loſt his wits,
To bite ſo good a man.

The wound it ſeemed both ſore and ſad,
To every Chriſtian eye;
And while they ſwore the dog was mad,
They ſwore the man would die.

But ſoon a wonder came to light,
That ſhew'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

'A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an 'elegy that may be truly called tragical-------Come, 'children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a 'bishop!'

'With all my heart,' cried my wife; 'and if he 'but preaches as well he sings, I make no doubt of 'him. The most of his family by the mother's side 'could sing a good song; it was a common saying in 'our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops 'could never look straight before them, nor the Hug-'ginson's blow out a candle; that there were none of 'the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Mar-'jorams but could tell a story.'—'However that be, cried I, 'the most vulgar ballad of all generally 'pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and 'things that petrify in a single stanza; productions 'that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to 'your brother, Moses. The great fault of these ele-'giasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give 'the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady 'loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and the silly 'poet runs home to versify the disaster.'

'That may be the mode,' cried Moses, 'in sublimer 'composition: but the Ranelagh songs that come down 'to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same 'mould; Collin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue 'together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and 'she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go 'together to church, where they give good advice to 'nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.'

'And very good advice too,' cried I; 'and I am 'told there is not a place in the world where advice 'can be given with so much propriety as there: for, 'as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with 'a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, 'my boy, where we are told what we want, and sup-'plied with it when wanting.'

'Yes, Sir,' returned Moses, 'and I know but of 'two such markets for wives in Europe, Ranelagh in

'England,

'England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish 'market is open once a year, but our English wives 'are saleable every night.'

'You are right, my boy,' cried his mother, 'Old 'England is the only place in the world for husbands 'to get wives.'-----'And for wives to manage their 'husbands,' interrupted I. 'It is a proverb abroad, 'that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies 'of the Continent would come over to take pattern 'from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as 'our own. But let us have one bottle more, Debo-'rah, my life-------and Moses, give us a good song. 'What thanks do we not owe to heaven for thus be-'stowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think 'myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon 'earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant 'faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing 'old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. 'We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, 'and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of chil-'dren behind us. While we live they will be our 'support and our pleasure here, and when we die they 'will transmit our honour untainted to posterity.----- 'Come, my son, we wait for a song: let us have a 'chorus. But where is my darling Olivia; that 'little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert.' Just as I spoke, Dick came running in, 'O papa, papa, 'she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister 'Livy is gone from us for ever!'---'Gone child!'--- 'Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-'chaise; and one of them kissed her, and said he 'would die for her; and she cried very much, and was 'for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and 'she went into the chaise, and said, "O, what will 'my poor papa do, when he knows I am undone."--- 'Now,' then, cried I, 'my children, go and be mise-'rable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And 'O may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and 'his! Thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will,

'for

'for taking back my ſweet innocent that I was lead-'ing up to heaven. Such ſincerity as my child was 'poſſeſt of! But all our earthly happineſs is now over! 'Go, my children, go and be miſerable and infamous; 'for my heart is broken within me!'—'Father,' cried my ſon, 'is this your fortitude?'—'Fortitude, child! 'Yes, he ſhall ſee I have fortitude! Bring me my 'piſtols. I'll purſue the traitor. While he is on 'earth, I'll purſue him. Old as I am, he ſhall 'find I can ſting him yet. The villain, perfidious 'villain!' I had by this time reached down my piſtols, when my poor wife, whoſe paſſions were not ſo ſtrong as mine, caught me in her arms. 'My deareſt, 'deareſt huſband,' cried ſhe, 'the bible is the only 'weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open 'that, my love, and read our anguiſh into patience, 'for ſhe has vilely deceived us.'------'Indeed, Sir,' reſumed my ſon, after a pauſe, 'your rage is too 'violent and unbecoming. You ſhould be my mo-'ther's comforter, and you increaſe her pain. It ill 'ſuited you and your reverend character thus to curſe 'your greateſt enemy; you ſhould not have curſed 'him, villain as he is.'---'I did not curſe him, child, 'did I!'----'Indeed, Sir, you did; you curſed him 'twice.'---'Then may Heaven forgive me and him if 'I did. And now, my ſon, I ſee it was more than 'human benevolence that firſt taught us to bleſs our 'enemies: Bleſt be his holy name for all the good he 'hath given, and for all that he hath taken away. 'But it is not, it is not a ſmall diſtreſs that can wring 'tears from theſe old eyes, that have not wept for ſo 'many years. My child, to undo my darling; May 'confuſion ſeize!---Heaven forgive me: What am I 'about to ſay?----You may remember, my love, how 'good ſhe was, and how charming; till this vile 'moment, all her care was to make us happy. Had 'ſhe but died! But ſhe is gone, the honour of our 'family contaminated, and I muſt look out for hap-'pineſs in other worlds than here.----But my child,

'you

'you ſaw them go off; perhaps he forced her away.
'If he forced her, ſhe may yet be innocent.'---'Ah,
'no, Sir,' cried the child; 'he only kiſſed her, and
'called her his angel, and ſhe wept very much, and
'leaned upon him, and they drove off very faſt.'----
'She's an ungrateful creature,' cried my wife, who could ſcarcely ſpeak for weeping, 'to uſe us thus, ſhe 'never had the leaſt conſtraint put upon her affections. 'The vile ſtrumpet has baſely deſerted her parents 'without any provocation, thus to bring your grey 'hairs to the grave, and I muſt ſhortly follow.'

In this manner that night, the firſt of our real miſfortunes, was ſpent in the bitterneſs of complaint, and ill-ſupported ſallies of enthuſiaſm. I determined, however to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baſeneſs. The next morning we miſſed our wretched child at breakfaſt, where ſhe uſed to give life and chearfulneſs to us all. 'My wife, as before attempted to eaſe her heart by reproaches. 'Never,' cried ſhe, 'ſhall that vileſt ſtain of our family again 'darken theſe harmleſs doors. I will never call her 'daughter more. No, let the ſtrumpet live with her 'vile ſeducer: ſhe may bring us to ſhame, but ſhe 'ſhall never more deceive us.'

'Wife,' ſaid I, 'do not talk thus hardly: my de'teſtation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever 'ſhall this houſe and this heart be open to a poor re'turning repentant ſinner. The ſooner ſhe returns 'from her tranſgreſſion, the more welcome ſhall ſhe 'be to me. For the firſt time the very beſt may err; 'art may perſuade, and novelty ſpread out its charms. 'The firſt fault is the child of ſimplicity; but every 'other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched 'creature ſhall be welcome to this heart and this houſe, 'though ſtained with ten thouſand vices. I will 'again hearken to the muſic of her voice, again will 'I hang fondly on her boſom, if I find but repen'tance there.---My ſon, bring hither my Bible and 'my ſtaff: I will purſue her, wherever ſhe is; and

'though

'though I cannot ſave her from ſhame, I may prevent 'the continuance of her iniquity.'

## CHAP. XVIII.

*The purſuit of a father to reclaim a loſt child to virtue.*

THOUGH the child could not deſcribe the gentleman's perſon who handed his ſiſter into the poſt-chaiſe, yet my ſuſpicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whoſe character for ſuch intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my ſteps towards Thornhill Caſtle, reſolving to upbraid him, and, if poſſible, to bring back my daughter: but before I reached his ſeat, I was met by one of my pariſhioners, who ſaid he ſaw a young lady reſembling my daughter, in a poſt-chaiſe with a gentleman, whom by the deſcription, I could only gueſs to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very faſt. This information, however, did by no means ſatisfy me; therefore I went to the young ſquire's, and though it was yet early, inſiſted upon ſeeing him immediately; he ſoon appeared with the moſt open familiar air, and ſeemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, proteſting upon his honour that he was quite a ſtranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former ſuſpicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late ſeveral private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witneſs left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that ſtate of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reaſon right, I never debated with myſelf, whether theſe accounts might not have been given by perſons purpoſely placed in my way, to miſlead me, but reſolved to purſue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earneſtneſs, and enquired of ſeve-

ral by the way: but received no accounts, till entering the town I was met by a perſon on horſeback, whom I remembered to have ſeen at the ſquire's, and he aſſured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had ſeen them dance there the night before, and the whole aſſembly ſeemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the courſe. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earneſtly employed in one purſuit, that of pleaſure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a loſt child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at ſome diſtance from me; but if as he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I ſaw him no more.

I now reflected that it would be to no purpoſe to continue my purſuit farther, and reſolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my aſſiſtance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the ſymptoms of which I perceived before I came off the courſe. This was another unexpected ſtroke, as I was more than ſeventy miles diſtant from home: however, I retired to a little alehouſe, by the road ſide; and in this place, the uſual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the iſſue of my diſorder. I languiſhed here for near three weeks; but at laſt my conſtitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is poſſible the anxiety from this laſt circumſtance alone might have brought on a relapſe, had I not been ſupplied by a traveller who ſtopped to take a curſory refreſhment. This perſon was no other than the philanthrophic bookſeller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who has written ſo many little books for children; he called himſelf their friend: but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no ſooner alighted, but he was in haſte to be

be gone: for he was ever on buſineſs of the utmoſt importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the hiſtory of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had publiſhed for me againſt the Deuterogamiſts of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I reſolved to return home by eaſy journies of ten miles a day.

My health and uſual tranquillity were almoſt reſtored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them: as in aſcending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every ſtep we ariſe ſhews us ſome new and gloomy proſpect of hidden diſappointment; ſo in our deſcent from the ſummit of pleaſure, though the vale of miſery below may appear at firſt dark and gloomy, yet the buſy mind, ſtill attentive to its own amuſement, finds, as we deſcend, ſomething to flatter and pleaſe. Still as we approach, the darkeſt objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy ſituation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a diſtance like a waggon, which I was reſolved to overtake: but when I came up with it, found it to be a ſtrolling company's cart, that was carrying their ſcenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the perſon who drove it, and one of the company; as the reſt of the players were to follow the enſuing day. 'Good company 'upon the road,' ſays the proverb, 'is the ſhorteſt 'cut.' I therefore entered into converſation with the poor player; and as I once had ſome theatrical powers myſelf, I deſcanted on ſuch topics with my uſual freedom; but as I was but little acquainted with the preſent ſtate of the ſtage, I demanded who were the preſent

ſent theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day? 'I fancy, Sir,' cried the player, 'few of our modern dramatiſts would think themſelves 'much honoured by being compared to the writers 'you mention. Dryden and Rowe's manner, Sir, are 'quite out of faſhion: our taſte has gone back a whole 'century; Fletcher, Ben Johnſon, and all the plays 'of Shakeſpeare, are the only things that go down.' —'How!' cried I, 'is it poſſible the preſent age can 'be pleaſed with that antiquated dialect, that obſo-'lete humour, thoſe over-charged characters, which 'abound in the works you mention?'—'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think nothing about dia-'lect, or humour, or character; for that is none of 'their buſineſs; they only go to be amuſed, and find 'themſelves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, 'under the ſanction of Johnſon's or Shakeſpeare's 'name.'—'So then, I ſuppoſe,' cried I, 'that our 'modern dramatiſts are rather imitators of Shakeſpeare 'than nature.'—'To ſay the truth,' returned my companion, 'I don't know that they imitate any thing 'at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them? 'it is not the compoſition of the piece, but the num-'ber of ſtarts and attitudes that may be introduced, 'that elicits applauſe. I have known a piece with 'not one jeſt in the whole, ſhrugged into popularity, 'and another ſaved by the poet's throwing in a fit of 'the gripes. No, Sir, the works of Congreve and 'Farquhar have too much wit in them for the preſent 'taſte! our modern dialect is much more natural.'

By this time the equipage of the ſtrolling company was arrived at the village, which, it ſeems, had been apprized of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us: for my companion obſerved, that ſtrollers always have more ſpectators without doors than within. I did not conſider the impropriety of my being in ſuch company, till I ſaw a mob gather about me. I therefore took ſhelter, as faſt as poſſible, in the firſt ale-houſe that offered; and being ſhewn into the com-

mon

mon room, was accosted by a very well drest gentleman, who demanded, whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I sat him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

## CHAP. XIX.

*The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.*

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shewn, was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed, that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted, that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor; to which replying in the negative, 'What, nor the Auditor,

 'I sup-

'I suppose?' cried he. 'Neither, Sir,' returned I. 'That's ſtrange, very ſtrange,' replied my entertainer. 'Now, I read all the politics that come 'out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the 'Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall 'Evening, the ſeventeeen Magazines, and the two 'Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love 'them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton's 'boaſt; and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I 'reverence it's guardians.'—'Then it is to be hoped,' cried I, 'you reverence the king.'—'Yes,' returned my entertainer, 'when he does what we would have 'him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll 'never trouble myſelf more with his matters. I ſay 'nothing. I think only; I could have directed ſome 'things better. I don't think there has been a ſufficient number of adviſers; he ſhould adviſe with 'every perſon willing to give him advice, and then 'we ſhould have things done in another gueſt manner.'

'I wiſh,' cried I, 'that ſuch intruding adviſers were fixed in the pillory. It ſhould be the 'duty of honeſt men to aſſiſt the weaker ſide of our 'Conſtitution, that ſacred power that has for ſome 'years been every day declining, and loſing it's due 'ſhare of influence in the ſtate. But theſe ignorants 'ſtill continue the cry of liberty, and if they have 'any weight, baſely throw it into the ſubſiding 'ſcale.'

'How,' cried one of the ladies, 'do I live to ſee 'one ſo baſe, ſo ſordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, 'and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that ſacred gift 'of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!'

'Can it be poſſible,' cried our entertainer, 'that 'there ſhould be any found at preſent, advocates 'for ſlavery? Any who are for meanly giving up 'the privileges of Britons? Can any, Sir, be ſo abject?'

'No, Sir,' replied I, 'I am for liberty, that attri-
'bute

'bute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myſelf. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a ſet of honeſt men who were called levellers. They tried to erect themſelves into a community, where all ſhould be equally free. But alas! it would never anſwer: for there were ſome among them ſtronger, and ſome more cunning than others, and theſe became maſters of the reſt; for as ſure as your groom rides your horſes, becauſe he is a cunninger animal than they, ſo ſurely will the animal that is cunninger or ſtronger than he, ſit upon his ſhoulders in turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to ſubmit, and ſome are born to command, and others to obey, the queſtion is, as there muſt be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the ſame houſe with us, or in the ſame village, or ſtill farther off in the metropolis. Now, Sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther he is removed from me, the better pleaſed am I. The generality of mankind alſo are of my way of thinking, and have unanimouſly created one king, whoſe election at once diminiſhes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greateſt diſtance from the greateſt number of people. Now the great, who were tyrants themſelves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averſe to a power raiſed over them, and whoſe weight muſt ever lean heavieſt on the ſubordinate orders. It is the intereſt of the great therefore to diminiſh kingly power as much as poſſible; becauſe, whatever they take from that, is naturally reſtored to themſelves: and all they have to do in the ſtate, is to undermine the ſingle tyrant, by which they reſume their primæval authority. Now the ſtate may be ſo circumſtanced, or its laws may be ſo diſpoſed, or its men of opulence ſo minded, as all to conſpire in carrying on this buſineſs of under-

'mining monarchy. For, in the firſt place, if the
'circumſtances of our ſtate be ſuch, as to favour the
'accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent ſtill
'more rich, this will encreaſe their ambition. An
'accumulation of wealth, however, muſt neceſſarily be
'the conſequence, when as at preſent, more riches flow
'in from external commerce than ariſe from internal
'induſtry; for external commerce can only be managed
'to advantage by the rich, and they have alſo at the
'ſame time all the emoluments ariſing from internal
'induſtry; ſo that the rich, with us, have two
'ſources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one.
'For this reaſon, wealth in all commercial ſtates, is
'found to accumulate; and all ſuch have hitherto
'in time become ariſtocratical. Again, the very laws
'alſo of this country may contribute to the accumu-
'lation of wealth, as when by their means the natural
'ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken;
'and it is ordained, that the rich ſhall only marry
'with the rich; or when the learned are held unqua-
'lified to ſerve their country as counſellors, merely
'from a defect of opulence; and wealth is thus made
'the object of a wiſe man's ambition; by theſe means,
'I ſay, and ſuch means as theſe, riches will accumu-
'late. Now the poſſeſſor of accumulated wealth, when
'furniſhed with the neceſſaries and pleaſures of life,
'has no other method to employ the ſuperfluity of
'his fortune, but in purchaſing power; that is, dif-
'ferently ſpeaking, in making dependants, by pur-
'chaſing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of
'men who are willing to bear the mortification of
'contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very
'opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of
'the pooreſt of the people; and the polity abound-
'ing in accumulated wealth may be compared to a
'Carteſian ſyſtem, each orb with a vortex of its own.
'Thoſe, however, who are willing to move in a great
'man's vortex, are only ſuch as muſt be ſlaves, the
'rabble of mankind, whoſe ſouls and whoſe education

'are

'are adapted to ſervitude, and who know nothing of 'liberty except the name. But there muſt ſtill be a 'large number of the people without the ſphere of the 'opulent man's influence, namely that order of men 'which ſubſiſts between the very rich and the very rab-'ble; thoſe men who are poſſeſt of too large fortunes to 'ſubmit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet 'are too poor to ſet up for tyranny themſelves. In 'this middle order of mankind are generally to be 'found all the arts, wiſdom, and virtues of ſociety. 'This order alone is known to be the true preſerver 'of freedom, and may be called the people. Now 'it may happen, that this middle order of mankind 'may loſe all its influence in a ſtate, and its voice 'be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for 'if the fortune ſufficient for qualifying a perſon at 'preſent to give his voice in ſtate affairs, be ten 'times leſs than was judged ſufficient upon forming 'the conſtitution; it is evident, that great numbers 'of the rabble will thus be introduced into the poli-'tical ſyſtem, and they, ever moving in the vortex of 'the great, will follow where greatneſs ſhall direct. 'In ſuch a ſtate, therefore, all that the middle order 'has left, is to preſerve the prerogative and privileges 'of the one principal governor with the moſt ſacred 'circumſpection. For he divides the power of the 'rich, and calls off the great from falling with ten-'fold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. 'The middle order may be compared to a town, of 'which the opulent are forming the ſiege, and which 'the governor from without is haſtening the relief. 'While the beſiegers are in dread of an enemy over 'them, it is but natural to offer the townſmen the moſt 'ſpecious terms; to flatter them with ſounds, and 'amuſe them with privileges; but if they once defeat 'the governor from behind, the walls of the town 'will be but a ſmall defence to its inhabitants. What 'they may then expect may be ſeen by turning our eyes 'to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws go-

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'vern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am 'then for, and would die for, monarchy, ſacred mo-'narchy: for if there be any thing ſacred amongſt 'men, it muſt be the anointed SOVEREIGN of his 'people, and every diminution of his power in war 'or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liber-'ties of the ſubject. The ſounds of Liberty, patri-'otiſm and Britons, have already done much; it is 'to be hoped, that the true ſons of freedom will pre-'vent their ever doing more. I have known many 'of thoſe pretended champions for liberty in my time, 'yet do I not remember one that was not in his heart 'and in his family a tyrant.'

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good breeding: but the impatience of my entertainer, who often ſtrove to interrupt it, could be reſtrained no longer. 'What!' cried he, 'then I have been all this while entertaining a jeſuit 'in parſon's cloaths: but by all the coal-mines of 'Cornwall, out he ſhall pack, if my name be Wil-'kinſon.' I now found I had gone too far, and aſked pardon for the warmth with which I had ſpoken. 'Pardon!' returned he in a fury; 'I think ſuch 'principles demand ten thouſand pardons. What! 'give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer 'ſays, lie down to be ſaddled with wooden ſhoes! 'Sir, I inſiſt upon your marching out of this houſe 'immediately, to prevent worſe conſequences. Sir, 'I inſiſt upon it.' I was going to repeat my remonſtrances; but juſt then we heard a footman rap at 'the door, and the two ladies cried out, 'As ſure as 'death, there is our maſter and miſtreſs come home.' It ſeems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his maſter's abſence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himſelf; and, to ſay the truth, he talked politics as well as moſt country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confuſion, upon ſeeing the gentleman and his lady to enter; nor was their ſurprize, at finding

ſuch company and good cheer, leſs than ours. 'Gen-'tlemen,' cried the real maſter of the houſe, to me and my companion, 'my wife and I are your moſt 'humble ſervants; but I proteſt this is ſo unexpected 'a favour, that we almoſt ſink under the obligation.' However unexpected our company might be to them, their's, I am ſure, was ſtill more ſo to us, and I was ſtruck dumb with the apprehenſions of my own abſurdity, when, whom ſhould I next ſee enter the room but my dear Miſs Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly deſigned to be married to my ſon George; but whoſe match was broken off, as already related. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe flew to my arms with the utmoſt joy. 'My dear Sir,' cried ſhe, 'to what 'happy accident is it that we owe ſo unexpected a 'viſit? I am ſure my uncle and aunt will be in rap-'tures when they find they have got the good Doctor 'Primroſe for their gueſt.' Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely ſtept up, and welcomed me with moſt cordial hoſpitality. Nor could they forbear ſmiling on being informed of the nature of my preſent viſit; but the unfortunate butler, whom they at firſt ſeemed diſpoſed to turn away, was at my interceſſion forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the houſe belonged, now inſiſted upon having the pleaſure of my ſtay for ſome days, and as their niece my charming pupil, whoſe mind, in ſome meaſure, had been formed under my own inſtructions, joined in their intreaties, I complied. That night I was ſhewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early, Miſs Wilmot deſired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After ſome time ſpent in pointing out the beauties of the place, ſhe enquired, with ſeeming concern, when laſt I had heard from my ſon George. 'Alas! Madam,' cried I, 'he has now 'been near three years abſent, without ever writing 'to his friends or me. Where he is I know not; 'perhaps I ſhall never ſee him or happineſs more.

'No,

‘ No, my dear Madam, we ſhall never more ſee ſuch ‘ pleaſing hours as were once ſpent by our fire-ſide at ‘ Wakefield. My little family are now diſperſing ‘ very faſt, and poverty has brought not only want, ‘ but infamy upon us.’ The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account: but as I ſaw her poſſeſſed of too much ſenſibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our ſufferings. It was however ſome conſolation to me, to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that ſhe had rejected ſeveral matches that had been made her ſince our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extenſive improvements of the place, pointing to the ſeveral walks and arbours, and at the ſame time catching from every object a hint for ſome new queſtion relative to my ſon. In this manner we ſpent the forenoon, till the bell ſummoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the ſtrolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to diſpoſe of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening; the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any ſtage. He ſeemed to be very warm in the praiſe of the new performer, and averred that he never ſaw any who bid ſo fair for excellence. Acting, he obſerved, was not learned in a day: ‘ But this ‘ gentleman,’ continued he, ‘ ſeems born to tread the ‘ ſtage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all ‘ admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our ‘ journey down.’ This account in ſome meaſure excited our curioſity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the playhouſe, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was inconteſtibly the chief of the place, we were received with the greateſt reſpect, and placed in the front ſeat of the theatre; where we ſat for ſome time with no ſmall impatience to ſee Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at laſt; and let parents think of my ſenſations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate ſon.

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He was going to begin; when turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miſs Wilmot and me, and ſtood at once ſpeechleſs and immoveable.

The actors behind the ſcenes, who aſcribed this pauſe to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but, inſtead of going on, he burſt into a flood of tears, and retired off the ſtage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occaſion; for they ſucceeded with two much rapidity for deſcription; but I was ſoon awaked from this diſagreeable reverie by Miſs Wilmot; who, pale and with a trembling voice, deſired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a ſtranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my ſon, ſent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he perſiſted in his refuſal to appear again upon the ſtage, the players put another in his place, and we ſoon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindeſt reception, and I received him with my uſual tranſport: for I could never counterfeit a falſe reſentment. Miſs Wilmot's reception was mixed with ſeeming neglect, and yet I could perceive ſhe acted a ſtudied part. The tumult in her mind ſeemed not yet abated; ſhe ſaid twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals ſhe would take a ſly peep at the glaſs, as if happy in the conſciouſneſs of irreſiſtable beauty! and often would aſk queſtions, without giving any manner of attention to the anſwers.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.